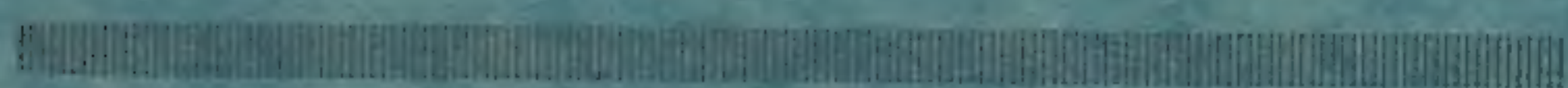


The Rainbow

In the interests of Amateur Journalism

VOL. 2

No. II



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THE RAINBOW

IN THE INTERESTS OF AMATEUR JOURNALISM

Volume II

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Number 2

Amateurdom and the Editor

THE OFFICIAL ORGAN

The complaint made by Mr. Leo Fritter in the October *Woodbee*, that the literary standard of *The United Amateur* is too high, deserves to be answered before its ingeniousness and sincerity lend weight to a mistaken opinion.

THE RAINBOW is firm in the belief that there can be but one legitimate policy for the official organ of a progressive literary association—the maintenance of as high a standard as the editor can set. We are told by Mr. Fritter that the present standard unduly emphasizes the work of our more mature members, and discourages the cruder aspirants; but in reply we may say that only by emphasizing the work of the mature can the crude be encouraged to emulate it. If we give the highest honors to writing which is not artistic, our beginners will never aspire to sincere art, but will feel satisfied when they attain a mediocrity sufficient to earn them the cheapened distinction of prominent featuring. Experience has proved this to be the case. *The United Amateur*, clearly designed to be the nucleus and prime formative influence of a band seeking the best in real literature, must not be impaired in usefulness by the few who would transform its pages to a monument of petty vanity—a cheap vehicle for schoolboy compositions or for crude and sometimes stinging personal gossip. The writer once confessed that she would have to “go some” to attain the level of the official organ. Others will surely have to do the same—but is that not what we all wish to do? Were there no high example to follow, we should have no incentive to “go”, and the main object of amateurdom would be defeated.

Is our official organ to be merely a fragment of silvered glass in which every vain passer-by may mirror his conceit, or is it to be a shining crystal transmitting to the majority the brilliancy of the best minds? THE RAINBOW would like to think of it as a minature sun, from which all lesser luminaries may draw their warmth and strength, yet whose life-sustaining force they do not try to enfeeble by giving it their own weaker nature.

When Mr. Fritter implies that a high-grade *United Amateur* does not

fit the quality and character of our membership, he is doing the *United* an injustice. Of course, not all our members are able at the outset to produce work of the official organ grade; but to use that fact as an argument that the organ is too lofty, is to make the false assumption that the sole aim of a member is to gain immediate publicity in that paper. The very reverse is true. The object of our novices is to improve their talent, and this they can do at first only through criticism and good example. Where may they be sure of finding such example and inspiration if not in the official organ? The many who have congratulated THE RAINBOW as constituting a much-needed ideal for others to follow, would revoke their own approbation if they permitted the average scribbler to dominate the pages of *The United Amateur*. Our desire is not for an easy means of typographical notoriety, but for a genuine incentive to sincere asthetic endeavor. There is no advantage in having work in print until it attains a certain level of development. One does not wish to make oneself ridiculous.

Let it not be thought that THE RAINBOW is overrating the character of our members and of our society. The *United*, though not necessarily designed for those who are perfect, certainly is meant for those who cherish perfection as a goal, and who are not satisfied with mere journalism or shallow commercial “literature.” No one with such sincere aspirations, no matter how little developed he may be at a certain time, will object to the present nature of the official organ. Our whole trend, as exhibited by the work of all our recent leaders, is that of genuine progressiveness; so that the mere amusement-seeker or publicity-fiend cannot be regarded as a *United* type. There are other associations for such elements—the elements that wish to stand still, and the minds which are incurably conventional and superficial no matter how much culture they may assimilate—nor do we gain anything by catering to such representatives of them as may chance to drift into the *United*. It is our duty to help the aspirant, but always the aspirant to genuine artistic expression—not

the would-be journalist whose ambition is simply to get into print or to make money. In a word, the *United* exists neither for those who scribble the same empty platitudes year after year without effort to improve, nor for those who crave cheap advertising and mercenary success. It exists primarily for persons who have something to say, no matter how crude they may be. If over-ambitious recruiters occasionally bring in novices of another type, the mistake is theirs. Our spirit is that of advance, and it is only sensible that the central publication should reflect it. A lower official organ would be an injury to true aspirants, would help none, and would please only those hopelessly dull and mediocre types who do not belong among us at all.

The present writer cannot help viewing with disapproval and disappointment any attempt to lower the standard of the official organ, for by that standard the whole tone of the Association is ultimately determined. No policy can be too high for those needing and seeking encouragement and guidance, as the experience of all sincere aspirants attests. It was the high standard of *The United Amateur*, *The Philosopher*, *The Saturnian*, *The Conservative*, and other amateur journals of similar quality which gave the writer—among others—the original impetus to join the U. A. P. A. Any departure from such a standard would certainly bring about the danger of alienating all our best and most useful members; the members who give our society its unique supremacy. A famous old-timer, who has perhaps done more for amateurdom than any other active member and whose membership extends back to the closing years of the last century, has emphatically declared that we derive all our individuality from the distinct and higher object pursued during the past decade.

In speaking of ‘what is owed to the struggling writer’, Mr. Fritter is again making the misconception that publicity is the prime boon of amateurdom. It is true that the organ is as much the property of the newer generation as of the established literati, but how are the novices to gain what is owed them if their property is not judiciously managed? What

our strugglers need is guidance and example. The experienced must help and inspire the inexperienced. Would a school be more valuable if its whole curriculum were brought down to match the ignorance of the newest pupil? Where could the pupil, in such a case, look for his instruction and elevation? To devote **The United Amateur** to even the best work of all the members would be to invite chaos and stagnation, for most of us know that the best of many writers is not of a grade to inspire or help others. Such immature matter should be excluded from a central organ; and if that is not exactly the present policy, it should be. Certainly, no relaxation is in order—such a step would bring down on the editor's head a universal anathema vastly greater than any few complaints which a limited reactionary faction may now be making.

Theoretically it might be an excellent thing if our members could have some open forum for miscellaneous self-expression; but the place for such a thing is outside the official organ. That such a thing is not established and financed co-operatively, reflects badly upon those who complain so much of its absence—though it is quite usual to hear the loudest demands for control from those who have the least to offer. Not many seem to recall the old adage that he who dances should pay the fiddler—

not necessarily in cash, but in general service and fidelity to the cause. It may well be asked if the members realize that all of the present meagre dissatisfaction comes from an element which practically deserted the Association during the trying period from 1917 to 1919.

The writer, on the other hand, while trying her modest best to help alleviate the prevailing depletion of funds, had not for a moment sought to use her contributions as a lever for control of key to premature publicity. She has felt content to reap the untold benefits which the United offers the recruit in a normal way, and would not consider it any advantage or privilege to hold a place of power or to consume space before she is fitted to do so. It was the high standard of **The United Amateur** which impelled THE RAINBOW to aim at the same level. The latter may have fallen short by a "long shot", but time and a continued good example will help diminish the length of the "shot", and bring the arrow to the target at last.

It may be fancied that, since the writer was introduced to the United by the editor whose policy Mr. Fritter has attacked, her opinions are formed from a one-sided presentation of the case. Such is most emphatically not the fact, for nine months and more of active membership and correspondence with a wide array of

amateurs have given a very clear perspective and an ample variety of information. To THE RAINBOW amateurdom is represented by no individual or group, but by the whole assemblage of sincere strivers for self-expression such as Samuel Loveman, Alfred Galpin, Jr., Maurice Winter Moe, S. Lilian McMullen, Winifred Virginia Jackson, Edward F. Daas, Edith Minitier, Edward H. Cole, Harry E. Martin, Anne Tillery Renshaw, Paul J. Campbell, James F. Morton, Jr., or Rheinhart Kleiner—as well as those younger and promising aspirants typified by Frank Belknap Long, Jr., Eleanor Beryl North, Jay Fuller Spoerri, Paul Graham Trueblood, or Peggy Reid.

Immaturity will become mellowed, and crudity melt away, only through continuous competition with the art of the best writers. And in order to make the competition clear, the best must be definitely emphasized and arrayed in such a way that novices will perceive it clearly and strive to elevate their own work sufficiently to win a place in the array. The appearance of crude work on such a pedestal as the official organ would neither benefit the individual writers concerned, nor reflect credit on the Association as a whole. **The United Amateur** should be a trail-blazer toward the highest goal—let us beware of any political agitation which would destroy its usefulness.

RECRUITING

Amateur editors are constantly exhorting their readers to secure recruits for the ranks of amateurdom by bringing in as many friends and acquaintances as possible. This is a commendable policy if tempered with a spirit of judicious selection.

In "rustling up" new members for our societies we should use both energy and judgment, being careful to choose only such individuals as are likely to receive and confer benefits through their affiliation. There are those who see in amateur journalism only a trifling hobby—a novel kind of social diversion, and a novel means of diffusing petty gossip and exploiting trivial private likes and dislikes of other persons and their efforts. Such have nothing to give us, and nothing to gain from us. They only clog the machinery and obscure our real goal. Nor does amateurdom form a congenial field for those whose ideas of writing centre in the desire for material gain. If they join us they will neither add to our proper activities nor reap aught but disappointment and a false notion of amateurdom's uselessness. The recruits we need are persons whose dominant interest is sincere self-expression for

its own sake, and whose general intelligence is such that they can appreciate the purposeful spirit we possess, and the unique advantages we have to offer.

To fill our ranks indiscriminately for the mere purpose of boasting a large membership would be exceedingly unwise. Nothing could be less valuable than an unwieldy and heterogeneous assemblage of persons with scarcely any tastes in common. Amateurdom, if it is to be in the least effective, must remain to some extent a limited aristocracy of intelligent and congenial thinkers who possess both a genuine sense of aesthetic values and a sincere love of writing. They need not be advanced students or technicians, but the germ must be there. Only in such a circle can we expect the growth of those finer thoughts and emotions which mark the authentic artist, or the success of that detailed, sympathetic, and constructive criticism and revision which arises not from the wish to flatter or hurt, but from the honest spirit of co-operation and mutual advancement. There must be example as well as precept; aid as well as counsel; for the latter without the former is futile;

and how can we demand such special boons unless our personnel is restricted to minds of real aspiration and congeniality?

We should, moreover, be careful to seek recruits of genuine breadth and tolerance; since amateurdom is a forum of free discussion. We need persons who, regardless of their religious, social, and philosophical doctrines, are sufficiently liberal to avoid both encroachment on the beliefs of others and resentment at fair-minded criticisms of their own beliefs. Not long ago the editor heard one estimable woman say, "Oh! I don't want to belong to any organization that 'knocks' religion." It should be made plain to all that our aim is not to "knock" religion or any other mode of thought; but that we try to keep the atmosphere clear for unhampered philosophical discussion among the many diverse thinkers who comprise our active membership. Personal affronts, or offence of any sort, cannot possibly figure in our open, earnest, and abstract debates. It is only the cheap mind, unfit for amateur circles, that veils individual venom in its utterances. All should regard amateurdom as a pleasant and instructive

game, in which each player must be broad and considerate enough to "give and take" in that genial and cordial manner which alone can make him the winner. While upon this subject the editor wishes to assure all those who took offence at any of the paragraphs in the philosophic column of the previous RAINBOW, that no affronts or personalities whatever were intended there. It is hoped that

no one will in future read offence into any remark in these pages; for nothing could be further from the editor's mood in writing.

THE RAINBOW would suggest that each year at convention time a prize be awarded to the member who introduces the largest number of recruits to his association. The search should be made carefully, and not without efforts to find a certain per-

centage of workers who can "boost A. J." with purse as well as pen. This does not, of course, mean that the dollarless are to be barred—somehow the latter usually seem to have the finest art, to offer, so that we cannot do without them.

Now all together! Let each member find at least one suitable recruit this year, and prove his sincerity of purpose!

OPINION

Several of THE RAINBOW'S correspondents have seen fit to take exception to the philosophical views of some of the contributors to the first number, as if there were one stereotyped set of opinions in the world, which everyone should endorse without thinking for himself.

Upon such persons the editor would urge a broader point of view, involving a recognition of the fact that sincerity is the only criterion we may universally apply in such a case. Any attempt to conform opinion to popular prejudice would rob it of this one paramount virtue.

It should further be remembered that philosophical opinion has nothing

to do with aesthetic quality. To condemn an author because he holds certain views is the height of absurdity. As an author he is not governed by these views at all, but by his artistic imagination. At most, the opinions merely suggest a background; and in the case of the purely aesthetic writer this background is seldom a literal application of any set of beliefs. Often the same author will base different works of art on different theories.

So we judge an artist's work of imagination only by purely aesthetic criteria. If the work is intense, vivid, simple, and poignant, it is good.

When the writer expresses an opin-

ion he leaves the realm of art and becomes another character. He then deals in intellectual instead of aesthetic matters, and must be judged by an entirely new set of standards. Do not try to find in his plain statements and hypotheses any of the airy stuff from which his dreams are made. If the writing is sincere, analytical, logical, and forcible, it is good.

Readers as well as authors need mental discipline. We must all strive for breadth, discernment, objectivity, and impartiality; so that when we praise or blame we may know why we do so, and may confine our sentiments to regions where they are legitimately applicable.

Commercialism--The Curse of Art

By Sonia H. Greene

Throughout the ages the sincere artist has been the victim of a cruel struggle, not only to gain recognition but to preserve existence itself. Ever modest, he cannot be aggressive; and many of his kind would starve had they not private means of support. Designing his work for himself alone, the artist gives it to the world only incidentally; for fame if he be rich, and for fame and bread if he be poor. But the quantity is always small, because it is not guided by the demands of trade, so that the impoverished artist seldom finds his genius the key to fortune.

The real artist, poet, or philosopher creates only as the nightingale sings, because he must. It is purely instinctive with him, and he moulds his thoughts and images mostly in the solitude of his own life, sharing them on rare occasions with some close friend who loves, understands, appreciates, and applauds. This he deems almost a sufficient reward for his pleasurable task, and it is well that he does; for had he labored with mercenary intent he could not have attained that aesthetic purity which only spontaneousness can give. Commercialism would have urged him on beyond his will and creative mood; altering his subject-matter and method, and cheapening the whole atmosphere

of his products. While he might have evolved a good piece of mechanism, it would not have been fraught with the beauty of his soul. But though the artist cannot express himself perfunctorily for pay, it does not follow that he should be denied all tangible recognition for his more valuable creations. After he has successfully put his whole spirit into a work of art, he surely deserves proper remuneration.

Yet instead of reward and encouragement, the artist generally receives from society only a series of rebuffs and impediments ruinous to his peace and productiveness. Commerce and religion, both of which ought to assist him, have never ceased to place a stupid check upon his free expression; and have cramped and retarded art in every form. The artist thus has, besides the burden of creation, the additional burden of eliminating two serious obstacles, and of becoming an unhampered pagan and dreamer in defiance of those around him. In other words, he is forced to struggle for the simple right of being himself; for he can never give forth the best that is in him if dominated either by a material power or a religious spectre.

In the days of Raphael and Michaelangelo, both royalty and religion

played a great part in bringing art to the fore. America has no royalty, and its remnants of religion are hostile rather than favorable; so native art is neither stimulated nor subsidized, but goes begging while the imported product, secured for its reputation rather than understandingly, furnishes what culture there is. To the artist the commercially artistic plutocrat says: "Go and make good elsewhere first. Get your apprenticeship abroad; come back with a reputation and then I will pay you well." In other words, he proclaims his lack of confidence in native and spontaneous art, and bids his slaves break their spirit and exchange their originality for fashionable foreign accomplishments before he will harbor them as his or take pride in them. Truly, the commercial America has no taste for art—she appreciates it only as a salable commodity with a definite market value. Supply the mob and you will be well paid for it, whether your product be sculpture, painting, music, literature, drama, or mousetraps.

Inartistic America further says: "My own opinion of your art is worthless, so I dare not pit it against public ignorance. Though I know the aesthetic minority is generally right, I dare not admit this truth upon my own authority. I am a 'connoisseur',

and mould my artistic opinion in terms of selling prices; so for the sake of sound business must gain the sanction of other 'connoisseurs' in whom the public believes.

"I must, moreover, be able to advertise your art according to the best principles of modern salesmanship—schemingly, cunningly, seductively, subtly. I must play the auctioneer, that pompous competing buyers may force the price up. To make your art a good selling proposition I must be able to tell interesting press-agent stories about it—about how the artist has languished in some Greenwich Village garret, or starved in the slums and ghettos of New York or London, or perhaps in the Paris **Quartier Latin**. My stories must have zest—they must tell how the genius was discovered by accident after years of hunger and misery and freezing; how the marvellously strange and weird picture, poem, or novel took shape beneath the leaking attic roof as the rats scrambled loathesomely about. Or perhaps a more splendid fiction will be better for some purchasers—of how the artist is the seventh son of the old Earl of Hobo-leigh, disinherited for his elopement with the beauteous daughter of a linen-draper who drops his 'h's', and forced to seek fame and fortune in the sordid city. If this story alone is not enough, the charming and "cultured" lady will do the rest; and opulent dilettanti will flock to the studio of the Hon. Percival Paintbrush to inspect his wares, twirl their waxed moustaches, and ogle the comely daughter of the lower middle classes." Thus is art pitifully degraded and commercialized by invented settings and ingenious bait, all typical of the cheap and salesmanlike spirit of the age and place.

AMATORY APHORISMS

The generality of women admire a genius, but few know how to live with one.

All the world loves a lover, except the wife whose husband loves another.

Before he is married many a man buys flowers and candy for his sweetheart, but afterward often forgets that his wife exists except when he wants his dinner.

It is possible to be happy though married if each of the contingent lives next door.

On her wedding day many a woman flatters herself that she is marrying her Prince Charming, but awakes one morning to find that her husband is no longer attractive.

The product of real genius seems to find no haven in the mart of commerce unless it has been previously besmirched with the false glamour of puerile and mendacious advertising. Neglected, the artist who scorns shrewd exploitation must fare as best he may, usually suffering the intolerable grating of some hack work just enough like his real work to make it an endless and agonizing mockery. It is suicidal—but alternatives are not easy to find. Nothing is more pathetic and censurable than that the soul must be destroyed for the sake of feeding the body, yet the superb originality of the unique mind becomes clogged and sometimes annihilated by that most sordid of necessities—"making a living." Truly, the genius without means must drink gall and wormwood before his art is recognized; with always the graver peril that the art itself will succumb during the ordeal.

Would that some system of patronage or pensioning might be evolved, whereby worthy but impecunious artists could receive substantial assistance in their struggle to enhance the world's beauty. Why must many who are truly great be forced to starve and weep, and often to go down into oblivion "unhonored and unsung", when with but a little material appreciation from those whom they benefit, they might easily attain life's highest and most lasting joys as the just reward of their travails and achievements? Who can say how much priceless art we may have lost through our callousness. But for Liszt, who introduced him to the King and to the world, we might today be destitute of the colossal art of Richard Wagner.

The highly and unevenly organized mind of the true artist is largely in-

Many a woman raves about the other fellow; when he becomes her own she still raves about the other fellow.

Beauty and Brains may often attract a fool, but only the **homo sapiens** proves the perfect magnet for the intelligent. That is why Beauty and Brains succeed in nine cases out of ten.

Concerning women, some men are slow of speech, others are slow of comprehension, while nearly all are slow of appreciation. Often their speed must be applied with a hammer.

The soul thrives neither on bread nor on manna. In his pursuit of material attainments to lay at her feet, many a man forgets to supply his wife with the greater necessity, that upon which her soul may feed and thrive.

S. H. G.

capable of dividing itself between the ecstasy of aesthetic creation and the prosaic necessity of earning a living. Perhaps the living will come ultimately through his art, but that is only after recognition, and does not help during the most terrible and most important period of his creative life. How often does our indifference, aloofness, parsimony, or preoccupation condemn some rare mind to suffering, loneliness, and oblivion, when with a little warm-hearted aid at the right time we might place him on the high-road to greatness, happiness, and splendor! By such acts of omission we deny full life to the artist, and new beauty to ourselves, crushing genius before it can reap its first reward or shed its first beams.

We can best serve ourselves by encouraging art and genius; for what, after all, is the measure of any civilization save the height of aesthetic and intellectual greatness which it has attained? Was it not the fostering of art and philosophy which made Greece the sole source of our existing culture and the unsurpassed summit of human development. To emulate such development we must care for our artists and philosophers, and see that their shining thoughts and images are brought successfully to birth.

As for them—so often the delicate creator who gives us our greatest treasures dies before he can enjoy the fruits of his toil! Perhaps it is Nature's decree that the great one shall be gently relieved of the burdens of life after he has given what he had to give. More often he falls asleep less gently and maturely—that is the tragedy. A starved and emaciated body is hardly the temple for a vast and flaming soul.

A GAME OF CHESS

In this metropolitan city, LIFE, like everything else, moves by the clock rather than by the spirit of living.

Life here is like a game of chess. Commercialism is the great chess-board. The Cunning and Crafty are the players. The Slaves of Industry are the Pawns, and Big Business is the King. The Knights are those who serve Big Business, and the Castles are the institutions, mainly those of Wall Street. The Queen of all is she who is the slave of Fashion and the Mistress of Commercialism. The Checkmate is often the obscure Pawn who thwarts Big Business. The Bishop is the Wall Street Plutocrat who, with suave, smirking salaam, sanctimoniously serves Big Business while unrighteously and unjustly condemning the helpless Pawns to a meagre existence and a pauper's grave.

SONIA H. GREENE.

Heins versus Houtain

THE writer regrets inexpressibly that the honorable name of Amateur Journalism should be dragged in the mire by such disgraceful episodes of petty personal warfare and recrimination as those recently developing in the National Association. The condition, culminating in the public outburst of John Milton Heins in his supplement to *The National Amateur* has become such that amateurism's standing is in jeopardy. No person now feels his reputation secure in the National, and that even the United Amateur Press Association suffers through reflected discredit is shown by the widely regretted resignation of Professor McDonald from both associations last spring.

It is no longer a question of whether a remedy should be applied; the problem is now merely what remedy to apply. Something, quite obviously, must be done to check the degeneration of a supposedly literary and intellectual circle into a cesspool of valueless personal gossip and vicious slander both public and private. We are reaping the distasteful harvest which comes as a result of the tolerance and even encouragement hitherto extended to the purely "social side" of amateurism—a side generally symbolized by the journal of sheer frivolity and individual raillery. Today most of the National's local club centres are seething with spite and bitterness, while its papers have become venomous with ill-concealed hatreds which argue an appalling ethical vacuum, misdirection of interest, and waste of energy. Amid this sordid mess, what has become of amateur literature?

The Heins-Houtain feud, leading up to the explosive muckraking in the supplementary *American Amateur*, is the last straw. Of the "inside" merits of the case the writer is wholly ignorant. Previous offences may or may not have been committed on either side. But as a neutral spectator the writer is surely justified in insisting upon two things; first, that both sides allowed a love of personal power and celebrity to obscure the literary welfare of their association and of amateurism as a whole; and second, that no matter what the provocation, the foul expose perpetrated by Heins forms a revelation of the very groundwork of good taste and common decency, which not even his extreme youth and overheated temper can excuse.

To claim that this final discarding of all dignity and restraint was justified, is entirely futile. Official tangles are not new to amateur journalism, and they are certainly distressing enough things for all concerned. But since the corrosive poison of public brawling is so destructive to the

very vitals of amateurism, it becomes the one supreme duty of everyone to arbitrate these tangles without inflicting a sorry mess of squabbling upon the members at large, or advertising an association unfavorably by means of sensational surprise attacks and childish defamatory "news scoops." This, it seems to the writer, could be done if each participant held the welfare of amateur journalism above his petty personal importance. Most of the trouble arises from pure narrowness, selfishness, and sordidness of ambition—from the valuing of a cheap sense of individual supremacy above the general æsthetic growth which is our proper object.

In the present controversy the writer holds a position of absolute impartiality. The editor on the one hand carries no brief for Mrs. Houtain; and on the other hand is not disposed to condemn sweepingly an official who, if flagrantly indiscreet and tasteless, is nevertheless very young and largely a product of conditions. What should be condemned is the general state of mind which encourages and condones such vengeful outbreaks and unjustified exploitations of editorship as that now exhibited. The atmosphere should hold a higher and less vulgar tone so that in such a situation Heins would not have thought of any course save an exhaustive analysis and private discussion with President Houtain in an effort to clear away the sources of misunderstanding. Sometimes a public disaster is too high a price to pay for a personal victory—though it requires more than a little cultivation of spirit to realize and practice this principle. That cultivation should be an indispensable qualification for membership in amateur journalism.

The cure for the existing ills should be drastic; drastic enough to involve the penalty of permanent expulsion for amateurs who stubbornly employ the public press for personal attacks. Public sentiment must be educated in the rudiments of good-breeding, and taught to condemn not only the official who abuses his power by employing for private malice, but any editor or author who pollutes the columns of our journals with cheap paroxysms of pusillanimous "mud-slinging." It should be understood that such offences call for immediate suspension; if possible, suspension from all amateur organizations through a judiciously negotiated series of understandings. Amateurism stands primarily for learning and cultivation, and a display of chronic personal maliciousness and pettiness proves a member's unfitness for participation in its pleasures.

The writer would suggest the establishment of a special committee or

tribunal, either inter-associational or within the National, before which the victim of slander, libel, or other injustice may place his case for full, analytical and impartial consideration and action. Both parties to each controversy should have an equal hearing, and no phase should be left undiscussed or unappraised in the effort to discharge the matter honorably before the rest of the membership. Could a means be found to create such a committee, whose formation and personnel might command the respect of all, its deliberations and decisions would probably be accepted as final; even when involving radical remedies and prominent expulsions. Such a body could not but help decrease the number of public quarrels, thus saving the membership much distress, and relieving all amateurism of much humiliation. In time it would perhaps become quite natural for the amateur with a grievance to resort to a "court" of this kind, rather than to burst forth into cheap accusations and invectives of the sort which Mr. Heins so unfortunately chooses.

A possible beginning would be a temporary volunteer committee within the National, formed of responsible neutral members, for the emergency purpose of ending at once the current series of offences against refined taste. Such a committee, if accepted by the membership in general, could accomplish much good and form the nucleus of a permanent organization. The least it could do would be to register emphatically the society's determination to abolish and repudiate the disgraceful tactics of today.

But the main remedy must be something deeper; something less tangible because it is psychological. It must be an improved and clarified attitude of all the members toward the institution of amateurism, whereby they may appreciate its high object, and perceive how much they lose if they try to degrade it by the introduction of unworthy personalities and jarring hatreds and jealousies. It is important that such a change of thought be quickly made, because a continuance of the present fallacious drifting actually threatens the life and prosperity of amateur letters.

As a sincere lover of amateur journalism, the writer trusts that never again may the institution be so convulsed by the malfeasance and indifference of those who misconceive its serious purpose. The time is ripe for action, and we must all hope that our better elements, instead of retiring in disgust, will place their shoulders to the wheel in one new and gigantic effort to keep their society worthy of themselves and their aspirations.

SONIA GREENE.

I WONDER

If all the weeks were roses, and all
the forests gold,
And all the leaves were silver grown
in the dollar's mold,
If all the seas were nectar, and every
lake brewed cheer,
And all the hills were honey, would
we be happy here?
If all the rocks were diamonds and
all the sands were pearls,
And every human being were al-
ways boys and girls,
If all the noise were music and every
sky were clear,
If every heart were loving, would
we be happy here?
If all the poor were wealthy and all
the hungry fed,
And all the sick were healthy and
every lie unsaid,
If all these things were given, and
many more beside,
I wonder, God, I wonder, would we
be satisfied?

KEEP SMILING

Good Logic—But

When Landlords are heartless
And charge you like sin,
And you stalk around hungry
With your stomach caved in;
When they charge you for extras
As they size up your pile,
And do it so brazen,
How in Hell can you smile?
When railroads are kicking,
Say they're running behind,
And point to their stocks
Which have sharply declined,
Yet if you ride in their coaches
It's four cents a mile,
With pullmans near double,
Why in Hell should you smile?

When shoes cost a fortune
Though leather is cheap,
And there's nothing much cheaper
Than the wool on the sheep,
Yet clothes cost a plenty
Unless out of style,
And you wear your old suit
Why in Hell should you smile?



B. C. BRIGHTRALL

When expenses are heavy,
And collections are lazy,
With bills coming due,
And creditors crazy,
All wanting their pay,
What on earth can you do?
What on earth can you say?
You can write them a letter
And stall them a while,
But pay day is coming,
How in Hell can you smile?
B. C. BRIGHTRALL.

MY YESTERDAYS

If I could gather my yesterdays,
I'd sort them one by one,
I'd take the dark and gloomy days
And place them in the sun,
And they would be made the better
By being shone upon.
Then I'd take my shiney days,
The days that knew a smile,
And heap them with the other days
To rear a radiant pile,
For they would cleanse the darker
days
Of all their hurts and sorrows,
Then I would live them o'er again
In all of my tomorrows.
W. C. BRIGHTRALL.

THE DISTANT FOREST

The distant forest far away,
Seen dimly when the day is gay,
Seen brightly when the day is bright,
And darkly in the moon's pale light.
How small it looks—from far away,
It looks not green—but simply gray,
I often look at it and see,
A picture full of mystery.
BETTY JANE KENDALL,
9 years old, 1922.

Certain Ideals

"The situation that has not its ideal was never yet occupied by man. Yes, here, in this poor, miserable, hampered, despicable actual, wherein thou even now standest, here or nowhere is thy ideal; work it out therefrom, and, working, believe, live, be free. Fool, the ideal is in thyself.—Carlyle.

In 1883, when I entered Amateur Journalism by way of the Gardner convention, it took 3 cents to mail a letter, but any amateur paper larger than a postage stamp could secure second class rates by only once asking. Badges were designed, with the aid of buillion and fringe, to attract as much notice as possible, and those who had been to Detroit in 1882 or Buffalo in 1881 appeared proudly pouter pigeoning a breast plastered

with the old ones. Also there was always a base ball game between the visiting "amachewers" and the hosts and every year several papers came out adorned with the following reason for existence:

Amateur Journalism—the noblest pursuit of American youth.

Ex-Speaker RANDALL.

Who ex-Speaker Randall was, what he spoke about, why he had ceased speaking and retired into the exs, I neither knew nor cared, nor did any of the others who so effusively quoted his convincing argument. He might have flourished in the days of G. W., or in the days of Chester Arthur, it was all one to us. I have a dim idea that someone, learned above his fellows, told me Randall was a Demo-

crat who went out (like a lamp) when the defeat of Grover Cleveland shut off the oil.

Privately I have always believed that he got into disrepute by saying what he did of amateur journalism. He said it, perchance in an unthinking moment, with a buzzing young amateur at his elbow urging him on with suggestion—"Ain't it, sir?"—and then these to whom the word "amateur" is as red to a bull, canned him.

Anyway, it was the one big thing he did. No one remembers him now, but a few stray amateur journalists, and all we remember of him is that.

Did he speak the truth? I'll say he did. So, I doubt not, will say many among the great and good—Former Assistant Attorney General Beck, Willard O. Wylie, Edward

Harold Cole, Leonard E. Tilden, James F. Morton, Jr., Truman J. Spencer, to pick a random few. All the Fossils say so, only they emphasize the last word. And to prove that getting out an amateur paper is properly a youthful pursuit they club together and get out a whale of a one in their old age. Consistence being a splendid virtue for the other fellow to practice.

It is about time now to define amateur journalism; only, like beauty and a yaller dog's love for a nigger, the secret of Jane Austen's style, poetry and the pleasure of looking at a brick wall with the sun shining on it, it is undefinable. Let us call it "the play spirit." This will account for its ability to strike old and young alike with great virulence, and to skip lightly over others that seemed vulnerable.

This ability we have all noted in doing recruit work. I suppose more money and thought have been wasted on the recruiting problem in amateur journalism than on all the other problems put together. To go no farther back than 1907—William R. Murphy believed he had solved it by articles on amateur journalism in certain boy's papers. He wrote the articles, and they were good ones; he carefully answered the letters of inquiry, and he secured a few recruits, but by no means the number that he had hoped to secure. Then came C. W. Heins, who announced gleefully that he had discovered the source of faery gold. This was a list of men and women who had submitted Mss. to a popular professional magazine—Marden's Success, I think it was. These people would all be writers, President Heins thought they stood as potential amateurs ripe for harvesting.

Nothing of the sort. On being addressed they asked, generally, the fatal question, "Amateur journalism—what do you get out of it?" And all was o'er.

You get so much out of it—but it is all unexplainable. And you do not get out of it the practical and financial benefit for which the average would-be writer is looking. Putting \$1 into membership in the National, \$25 into publication of an amateur paper, No. 100 into attendance at a convention and then borrowing \$14 to get home on (you would make it \$15 only \$14 is probably all the poor guy has) by no means assures you publication of that poem on "Spring" in The Dial, or utter forgetfulness of what the rejection slip of Snappy Stories looks like. So the "recruit" shakes the dust of amateur journalism from his feet with curses, and joins the "Editor's Council" with more hope—and, it must be acknowledged, more ground for hope.

Amateur Journalism is like a college career, you may emerge from it with

more than the average of non-intellectual eccentricity which you possessed on entering, yet 47 per cent. of our presidents, and from 60 to 70 per cent. of our men of affairs, writers

coal man, come beautiful Olympians in which you couldn't secure ad. space though you crept on your knees up Tower Street hill in Somerville and all the way down again.



EDITH MINITER

and "leaders of thought" are college graduates. Amateur journalism may but encourage you in a sloppy style, in sentimentalizing, in carelessness; it may seem to you to put a premium on remaining "low brow", as when a certain young writer regretted having put forth his best efforts because thereby he discouraged one still younger. These, however, are sporadic cases. In general the improvement of any amateur is marked from year to year, from funny Hustlers bristling with ads. of the grocer and

"Amateur—dilletant, desultory cultivator"—doesn't that exactly describe us? We cultivate in so desultory a manner that when we take an office with the sole proviso of getting something into print six times a year we just can't manage to do it. "Take" did I say? Rather fight for, pursue eagerly, grab with an impoliteness beyond that of cats and dogs. It requires, we will say, seven ballots to elect us, after which we lie down and do nothing. Similarly we move heaven and earth to secure 25 beauti-

ful recruits. We then put their \$25 in our pockets and fail to supply them with blank proxies for voting. And, *mea culpa*, we are all tarred more or less with the same brush, all desultory cultivators.

Amateur journalism attracts these people, which is at once its charm and its bane. Thus one may say with truth that the amateurs one dislikes most one likes more than the non-amateurs to whom one may be sincerely attached. Imagine yourself cast away on a desert island, your sole companion that amateur journalist who is now your *bete noir*. Would you say, coldly and firmly, "thou going eastward and I going west", and stake out between your two selves a no-man's land rank in cacti and tarantulas? Indeed, you would do no such thing. You would sit right down beside him and while sharing with him your last wormy biscuit would live over the halcyon days of '02 until interrupted by guns of a rescuing submarine.

The most unhappy denizens of our small world are those who try to bring into it the rules and regulations of the world of professionalism. A campaign conducted in real "business fashion"—follow-up letters, card catalogues, circulars ad lib. etc., may succeed—probably will, because of excess of amateur "desultory cultivation" on the other side, but that which one obtains from the piper will be hardly worth his bill. Again, "rewards" for literary achievements, taking the form, say, of really beautiful gold and silver medals, are not competed for by the best writers, and are even refused by some to whom they may be awarded.

That which the real, the true blue amateur desires in amateur journalism is a land where "efficiency" is a word unknown, where lost motions are cultivated with enthusiasm, where individualism and personality are always "plus", where one is judged wholly and solely by one's "desultory cultivation" and not in the least by one's achievements in the professional world. To "put this over" to any outsider is almost impossible. Attempts made, result, at conventions, in sickening "speeches" by "real newspaper men" who insist on addressing us as "aspiring young reporters", and who give us advice about securing advertisements and subscribers "with a view to making our little magazines self supporting."

Three words of reminiscence from some of amateur journalism's grand old men delights us more than a whole lecture by a "professional" who commands the most sumptuous fees.

We may be narrow. If so, 'tis an age of specialism and we glory in it. When we think of certain men and women of prominence it is as amateurs only. L. E. Tilden may be a trusted employe of the government, with a substantial salary—probably is

—but we consider him simply as a person who goes about digging up "old timers", now securing a personal check from Thomas Edison for membership in the Fossils, again expending incredible sums in taxi fares to rout out one who may be a substantial citizen—or may be a denizen of the poorhouse. Judging from the magnificence of his publications W. Paul Cook was once rated as a millionaire when (according to his own statement) he shivered minus an overcoat all one winter because he placed Saint Franklin above Saint Sartar. We establish our own standards, stories which sell to the Atlantic Monthly do not with our laureate-ships, verses that later obtain publication in the Century leave us cold. The editor of this publication is honored—not because she is an extraordinary successful business woman, but because she had issued one of the notable amateur magazines of the decade.

Nothing exasperates us quite so much as to hear a newcomer (it always is a newcomer) using achievements in the professional world as a lever to boost him into a position above others in the amateur world. The fall of Humpty Dumpty was no less disastrous in result than is the tumble of such a one. For amateur journalism is seldom deceived by bunk for more than a little while—in which it pleasantly differs from the world of business and finance. Real worth has here its innings.

The first need of amateur journalism at this time is utter abandonment of any half way methods, any truckling with semi-professionalism. Let our association officers be kept up to constitutional requirements, because that's part of the game, but may this backbone of 'duty' be the only part of a skeleton at our feast. We need it (perhaps, as amateur sports need rules, and rigorous ones.

Otherwise, let us come out strong on personality, by which I do not in the least mean personalities. My first introduction to this last, in amateur journalism, was when I read the famous St. Nicholas article which Harlan H. Ballard wrote and which was published in July, 1882.

"Will Hazelrigg has given up the idea of going to Indianapolis to live. Bring a wash pan for our tears."

This appeared in a paper called The Midget, which on the same page claimed to be half the size of the smallest amateur paper in the world.

Unlike a certain actor's Hamlet it is vulgar without being funny and has stood for many years as my idea of a vicious and vacuous personality. We do not, or should not, care especially whether an amateur is old or young, a blacksmith or a college professor; we do care for a sketch of his den or printshop, a list of his literary likes and dislikes, a review of the pil-

grimage through Optic and Henty to Harold Bell Wright or John Masefield. I would like to see a continuation of the visits to homes of amateur journalists which was started by Jennie M. Day and Frances Parsons, New England amateurs who had a paper called The Duet in the 80s' and which I endeavored to revive in True Blue in 1910, but was prevented from continuing by the restricted size of that paper.

I would like to see that courage among us which would compel us to face facts, to pay our expenses honestly, to abandon a position of mendicancy. Why do we not take warning by the example of the largely moribund organizations that enjoy coexistence with us, and which we sometimes endeavor to "encourage" (to their own disgust) by including their few publications in the list of our own so-called "bests"? Lack of financial honesty has made them what they are. And begging has always been our bane. It was largely because they were held up for money in 1909 that the Fossils exploited Young Blood and stigmatized the rank and file of amateur journalism as "barnacles playing round the gravestones of their youth", with an unfortunate result now well known. The symbol of the active amateur was, to the average fossil, a man with his hand out. A well known amateur, when president of the National, was introduced to a famous old timer. "How do," said the great has been, "how much?" To the credit of today be it said he was asked for nothing beyond a 50 cent fee for alumni membership. But all presidents are not so modest. It is but a few years since a man who had been expelled from the National for reasons, and that over a dozen years previously, was able to buy his way back for \$50. This was truly selling one's birthright, and selling it very cheap. An honest adjustment of expense to income would do away with these temptations to thoughtless officers.

I would like to see a continuity of brisk campaigns, conducted, as they easily may be, without use of intrigue, poison gas, mongering of manufactured scandals, anonymous letter writing, and similar borrowings from professional politicians. Influence based on an understanding of psychology is quite legitimate; better yet is influence resting on the rock bases of actual and known ability.

All comes back to the beginning—

"As streams meander level with their fount,"

said Robert Montgomery, and Macaulay ventured to doubt the fact, but I think there's something like it happening daily in amateur journalism. The institution rises no higher than its component parts. To improve the quality of output we must improve

the character of amateurs. How? Of course by recruiting, but by judicious recruiting. The finest recruiting document ever published was the famous St. Nicholas article, twenty-five years after its printing it was still bringing to the fold "real" amateurs imbued with the right spirit. This is more than can be said of many pam-

phlets in their first year. The most fertile field is in one's immediate circle of friends. If you write, you surely know others of similar taste, and all may not be looking for immediate "5-cent a word" rates. Such need not be pelted with handbooks or badgered with figures. Take them to a club meeting, pitchfork them into a

convention, even talk with them half a day, and their fate is settled for life. They are the Ideal Amateurs because of a fellow feeling for all its institutions. And you, to them, are the Ideal Amateur, because without your guidance they would have forever been seekers only for the Promised Land.
EDITH MINITER.

Behind the Swinging Door

Lilian Middleton

For fifteen months, day in, day out,
have I
Washed dishes! Morn and noon and
night, and morn
And noon and night again, and till
I die
I guess I'll stand here washing dishes!
Born
Some six-and-fifty years ago, I stand
Here at my job beside a sink, a poor
Damned devil, and with nothing in my
hand
But dishes and a dish-mop! Through
the door
That swings into the restaurant, I see
Sometimes, the smug-faced swells
that can forget
(Or never cared to know,) that
Poverty
And Circumstance can make men
slaves! I sweat
Here washing dishes, and I curse this
Hell
That men call Life. This kitchen is
as hot
As Hell's own fire! Out in the street
they tell
Me, that it's 93—but that is not
The half of what it's here, where
smell of food
Chokes any breath of air that dares
to creep
In this ill-lighted hole! But what's
the good
Of thinking! —I wash dishes in my
sleep
But when I'm washing dishes I'm
a-dream
And all my thoughts run riot and
revolt
Against a world where Money is
supreme
And Poverty a slave! —Oh, damn
the dolt
Like me, that is a slave!
I never had
Much chance. I always worked.
When I was five
I started selling papers. As a lad
I'd earn a dollar when I could. Alive
Or dead my father had no use for me
And beat me like a cur. My mother
died.
I've worked in mines. I've fought.
I've been to sea.
I've harvested the wheat, and I have
cried
To see my wife and babes go hungry
when

The times were bad, and now my
wife is dead,
My sons are gone, and I've been sick,
and then
For weeks there was no work and
little bread,
And here now, morn and noon and
night, day in
Day out, I stand here washing dishes!
There
Is such a smug-faced fool, as rich as
sin
And bold as money makes 'em, (not
a care
Has he) that through the little oblong
pane
Of glass there in the swinging door,
all day—
Day after day I've watched, until my
brain
Is hideous with Hate! *** Luck came
his way
And soft he sits and plays with Life,
while I
Must toil and sweat and know no
peace or rest.
He swaggers in, thick-set, and heavily
He seats himself and orders of the
best
Of food and drink. With brown pro-
truding eyes,
—Liquid and sickn'ing soft—he stares
around,
Sensuous lips a-gape; his money buys
For him the right to stare at girls!—
he found
That fact out long ago—and brazen
chits
Ogle his money bags and grin. This
side
The swinging door, I curse him where
he sits
In hellish arrogance. Around the wide
Space of the restaurant his putrid gaze
A-search, now fastens gloatingly upon
Young Marion. I knew it would.
For days
He's watched that girl. As graceful
as a swan
She glides about the place but well
she knows
His eyes are watching her. Oh! I
have seen
That hand of his, so fat and white,
that shows
No scars of work, touch hers, and
slip between
Her skilful fingers money. All his
needs

Or fancies money buys, and now he
thinks
To buy her virtue with a string o'
beads!
—Oh! curse the girl and him—his
money stinks!—
The girl's not worth a solitary damn,
The big-eyed, pale-faced slut! —She'll
have her fling
And likely she'll regret it too! —I am
Not sure her virtue's even worth his
string
O'bawdy beads! —but what d'I care
for her—
It's the man there, fat, soft, and rich,
my age,
That's never known one day of toil,—
the cur!—
That fills me with a stupid hopeless
rage
Against the wretched misery of
things.
I've stood it nearly long enough.
Some day
I'll settle scores with him,—this man
that flings
His ill-got money with a mock-display
Of generosity! Oh, I would kill
Him if I only dared, and then the
Law,
—That hireling of the rich—could
shriek in shrill
Self-righteous tones, hands lifted high
in awe,
"Down with the murderer!"—The
Law is made
For Poverty to keep and gets the
poor
Man every time, but though the rich
man wade
Knee-deep in crime, oh! he can grin
cock-sure
His money'll buy him off!—By God,
it drives
Me mad!—I wish I could think less of
him ***
Here at the sink, along the blade of
knives
Keen-edged, sharp-pointed, runs my
thumb ***
* * * * * The dim
And shadowy path along the Fen-
way, where
He passes, nights, springs to my mind
with flood
Of dark suggestion * *
* * * * * Warmly, through my bare
Mis-shapen fingers, water drips like
blood * * *

His blood * * * All day the ghoulish
fancy nags
My mind. By God, I'll do it yet!
* * * I'll slip
Out of the dark,—I'll strike. —I'll
tear to rags
The bloated face of him! * * * My
hands'll grip
His bloody throat, and in the dark,
again
And yet again, my knife'll find his
guts.
Then when he lies there high and dry
in pain,
—A loathsome hulk—before the dark-
ness shuts
Him in entirely, I'll stoop and damn
His soul to everlasting Hell! then
pause—
And hiss into his ear just who I am,
—For once, 't his face I'll tell him
what he was!
* * * * *
And now again, I stand here at the
sink,
Morose and silent—but I never
talked—
The murder's in the air. "Who d'y
think
'Twas done it?"— "'Twasn't thieves
* * * " Just as he walked
Across the Fenway there last night,
"but not
A dollar taken!"—"God, but he was
hashed
To little bloody bits!"—"Some say
but what
A woman was the cause."—"His face
was smashed
Beyond all recognition!"—"Must have
been
A madman did the job—an' not a
trace
O' him!"—and so on run their
tongues. Between,
My fingers drips the water * * *
warm * * * My face
Is towards the sink * * * They never
look at me;
They never did * * * I do my work
and walk
Alone at night * * * I always did
* * * And he
Can tell no stories * * * I,—I never
talk.



LILIAN MIDDLETON

Celephais

By H. P. Lovecraft

In a dream Kuranès saw the city in the valley, and the sea-coast beyond, and the snowy peak overlooking the sea, and the gaily painted galleys that sail out of the harbour toward distant regions where the sea meets the sky. In a dream it also was that he came by his name of Kuranès, for when awake he was called by another name. Perhaps it was natural for him to dream a new name; for he was the last of his family, and alone among the indifferent millions of London, so there were not

many to speak to him and remind him who he had been. His money and lands were gone, and he did not care for the ways of people about him, but preferred to dream and write of his dreams. What he wrote was laughed at by those to whom he shewed it, so that after a time he kept his writings to himself, and finally ceased to write. The more he withdrew from the world about him, the more wonderful became his dreams; and it would have been quite futile to try to describe them on pa-

per. Kuranès was not modern, and did not think like others who wrote. Whilst they strove to strip from life its embroidered robes of myth, and to shew in naked ugliness the foul thing that is reality, Kuranès sought for beauty alone. When truth and experience failed to reveal it, he sought it in fancy and illusion, and found it on his very doorstep, amid the nebulous memories of childhood tales and dreams.

There are not many persons who know what wonders are opened to

them in the stories and visions of their youth; for when as children we listen and dream, we think but half-formed thoughts, and when as men we try to remember, we are dulled and prosaic with the poison of life. But some of us awake in the night with strange phantasms of enchanted hills and gardens, of fountains that sing in the sun, of golden cliffs overhanging murmuring seas, of plains that stretch down to sleeping cities of bronze and stone, and of shadowy companies of heroes that ride caparisoned white horses along the edges of thick forests; and then we know that we have looked back through the ivory gates into that world of wonder which was ours before we were wise and unhappy.

Kuranes came very suddenly upon his old world of childhood. He had been dreaming of the house where he was born; the great stone house with ivy, where thirteen generations of his ancestors had lived, and where he had hoped to die. It was moonlight, and he had stolen out into the fragrant summer night, through the gardens, down the terraces, past the great oaks of the park, and along the long white road to the village. The village seemed very old, eaten away at the edge like the moon which had commenced to wane, and Kuranes wondered whether the peaked roofs of the small houses hid sleep or death. In the streets were spears of long grass, and the window-panes on either side were either broken or filmily staring. Kuranes had not lingered, but had plodded on as though summoned toward some goal. He dared not disobey the summons for fear it might prove an illusion like the urges and aspirations of waking life, which do not lead to any goal. Then he had been drawn down a lane that led off from the village street toward the channel cliffs, and had come to the end of things—to the precipice and the abyss where all the village and all the world fell abruptly away into the unechoing emptiness of infinity, and where even the sky ahead was empty and unlit by the crumbling moon and the peering stars. Faith had urged him on, over the precipice and into the gulf, where he had floated down, down, down; past dark, shapeless, undreamed dreams, faintly glowing spheres that may have been partly dreamed dreams, and laughing winged things that seemed to mock the dreamers of all the worlds. Then a rift seemed to open in the darkness before him, and he saw the city of the valley, glistening radiantly far, far below, with a background of sea and sky, and a snow-capped mountain near the shore.

Kuranes had awaked the very moment he beheld the city, yet he knew from his brief glance that it was none other than Celephais, in the Valley of Ooth-Nargai beyond the Tanarian

Hills, where his spirit had dwelt all the eternity of an hour one summer afternoon very long ago, when he had slipped away from his nurse and let the warm sea-breeze lull him to sleep as he watched the clouds from the cliff near the village. He had protested then, when they had found him, waked him, and carried him home, for just as he was aroused he had been about to sail in a golden galley for those alluring regions where the sea meets the sky. And now he was equally resentful of awaking, for he had found his fabulous city after forty weary years.

But three nights afterward Kuranes came again to Celephais. As before, he dreamed first of the village that was asleep or dead, and of the abyss down which one must float silently; then the rift appeared again, and he beheld the glittering minarets of the city, and saw the graceful galleys riding at anchor in the blue harbour, and watched the gingko trees on Mount Aran swaying in the sea-breeze. But this time he was not snatched away, and like a winged being settled gradually over a grassy hillside till finally his feet rested gently on the turf. He had indeed come back to the Valley of Ooth-Nargai and the splendid City of Celephais.

Down the hill amid scented grasses and brilliant flowers walked Kuranes, over the bubbling Naraxa on the small wooden bridge where he had carved his name so many years ago, and through the whispering grove to the great stone bridge by the city gate. All was as of old, nor were the marble walls discoloured, nor the polished bronze statues upon them tarnished. And Kuranes saw that he need not tremble lest the things he knew be vanished; for even the sentries on the ramparts were the same, and still as young as he remembered them. When he entered the city, past the bronze gates and over the onyx pavements, the merchants and camel-drivers greeted him as if he had never been away; and it was the same at the turquoise temple of Nath-Hor-thath, where the orchid-wreathed priests told him that there is no time in Ooth-Nargai, but only perpetual youth. Then Kuranes walked through the Street of Pillars to the seaward wall, where gathered the traders and sailors, and strange men from the regions where the sea meets the sky. There he stayed long, gazing out over the bright harbour where the ripples sparkled beneath an unknown sun, and where rode lightly the galleys from far places over the water. And he gazed also upon Mount Aran rising regally from the shore, its lower slopes green with swaying trees and its white summit touching the sky.

More than ever Kuranes wished to sail in a galley to the far places of which he had heard so many strange tales, and he sought again the cap-

tain who had agreed to carry him so long ago. He found the man, Athib, sitting on the same chest of spices he had sat upon before, and Athib seemed not to realize that any time had passed. Then the two rowed to a galley in the harbour, and giving orders to the oarsmen, commenced to sail out into the billowy Cerenarian Sea that leads to the sky. For several days they glided undulatingly over the water, till finally they came to the horizon, where the sea meets the sky. Here the galley paused not at all, but floated easily in the blue of the sky among fleecy clouds tinted with rose. And far beneath the keel Kuranes could see strange lands and rivers and cities of surpassing beauty, spread indolently in the sunshine which seemed never to lessen or disappear. At length Athib told him that their journey was near its end, and that they would soon enter the harbour of Serannian, the pink marble city of the clouds, which is built on that ethereal coast where the west wind flows into the sky; but as the highest of the city's carved towers came into sight there was a sound somewhere in space, and Kuranes awaked in his London garret.

For many months after that Kuranes sought the marvelous city of Celephais and its sky-bound galleys in vain; and though his dreams carried him to many gorgeous and unheard-of places, no one whom he met could tell him how to find Ooth-Nargai, beyond the Tanarian Hills. One night he went flying over dark mountains where there were faint, lone campfires at great distances apart, and strange, shaggy herds with tinkling bells on the leaders; and in the wildest part of this hilly country, so remote that few men could ever have seen it, he found a hideously ancient wall or causeway of stone zig-zagging along the ridges and valleys; too gigantic ever to have risen by human hands, and of such a length that neither end of it could be seen. Beyond that wall in the grey down he came to a land of quaint gardens and cherry trees, and when the sun rose he beheld such beauty of red and white flowers, green foliage and lawns, white paths, diamond brooks, blue lakelets, carved bridges, and red-roofed pagodas, that he for a moment forgot Celephais in sheer delight. But he remembered it again when he walked down a white path toward a red-roofed pagoda, and would have questioned the people of that land about it, had he not found that there were no people there, but only birds and bees and butterflies. On another night Kuranes walked up a damp stone spiral stairway endlessly, and came to a tower window overlooking a mighty plain and river lit by the full moon; and in the silent city that spread away from the river bank he thought he beheld some feature or

arrangement which he had known before. He would have descended and asked the way to Ooth-Nargai had not a fearsome aurora sputtered up from some remote place beyond the horizon, shewing the ruin and antiquity of the city, and the stagnation of the reedy river, and the death lying upon that land, as it had lain since King Kynaratholis came home from his conquests to find the vengeance of the gods.

So Kuranos sought fruitlessly for the marvellous city of Celephais and its galleys that sail to Serannian in the sky, meanwhile seeing many wonders and once barely escaping from the high-priest not to be described, which wears a yellow silken mask over its face and dwells all alone in a prehistoric stone monastery on the cold desert plateau of Leng. In time he grew so impatient of the bleak intervals of day that he began buying drugs in order to increase his periods of sleep. Hasheesh helped a great deal, and once sent him to a part of space where form does not exist, but where glowing gases study the secrets of existence. And a violet-coloured gas told him that this part of space was outside what he had called infinity. The gas had not heard of planets and organisms before, but identified Kuranos merely as one from the infinity where matter, energy, and gravitation exist. Kuranos was now very anxious to return to minaret-studded Celephais, and increased his doses of drugs; but eventually he had no more money left, and could buy no drugs. Then one summer day he was turned out of his garret, and wandered aimlessly through the streets,

drifting over a bridge to a place where the houses grew thinner and thinner. And it was there that fulfilment came, and he met the cortege of knights come from Celephais to bear him thither for ever.

Handsome knights they were, astride roan horses and clad in shining armour with tabards of cloth-of-gold curiously emblazoned. So numerous were they, that Kuranos almost mistook them for an army, but their leader told him they were sent in his honour; since it was he who had created Ooth-Nargai in his dreams, on which account he was now to be appointed its chief god for evermore. Then they gave Kuranos a horse and placed him at the head of the cavalcade, and all rode majestically through the downs of Surrey and onward toward the region where Kuranos and his ancestors were born. It was very strange, but as the riders went on they seemed to gallop back through Time; for whenever they passed through a village in the twilight they saw only such houses and villages as Chaucer or men before him might have seen, and sometimes they saw knights on horseback with small companies of retainers. When it grew dark they travelled more swiftly, till soon they were flying uncannily as if in the air. In the dim dawn they came upon the village which Kuranos had seen alive in his childhood, and asleep or dead in his dreams. It was alive now, and early villagers courtesied as the horsemen clattered down the street and turned off into the lane that ends in the abyss of dream. Kuranos had pre-

viously entered that abyss only at night, and wondered what it would look like by day; so he watched anxiously as the column approached its brink. Just as they galloped up the rising ground to the precipice a golden glare came somewhere out of the east and hid all the landscape in its effulgent draperies. The abyss was now a seething chaos of roseate and cerulean splendour, and invisible voices sang exultantly as the knightly entourage plunged over the edge and floated gracefully down past glittering clouds and silvery coruscations. Endlessly down the horsemen floated, their chargers pawing the aether as if galloping over golden sands; and then the luminous vapours spread apart to reveal a greater brightness, the brightness of the city Celephais, and the sea coast beyond, and the snowy peak overlooking the sea, and the gaily painted galleys that sail out of the harbour toward distant regions where the sea meets the sky.

And Kuranos reigned thereafter over Ooth-Nargai and all the neighbouring regions of dream, and held his court alternately in Celephais and in the cloud-fashioned Serannian. He reigns there still, and will reign happily for ever, though below the cliffs at Innsmouth the channel tides played mockingly with the body of a tramp who had stumbled through the half-deserted village at dawn; played mockingly, and cast it upon the rocks by ivy-covered Trevor Towers, where a notably fat and especially offensive millionaire brewer enjoys the purchased atmosphere of extinct nobility.

Misconceptions of Art

Art, like other great abstract concepts, has always eluded definition. It is, in fact, correctly used in several senses. Its Latin original *ars* is a word of uncertain origin, according to the lexicographers. In a broad sense, the term signifies skill of any kind. From this its sense is quickly transferred to mean either the exertion of skill or the product of that exertion. Indeed, it is sometimes given a philosophical extension to include the whole realm of action. Thus religion (embracing the entire field of philosophy), science (including all the pursuit of knowledge) and art (implying every form of activity), are named as the grand divisions covering human life in all its aspects. Again, a distinction is made between the production of objects for utilitarian purposes and that of works in which the imagination is expressed, or between the utilitarian and the fine arts; and the word art is used to include only the latter field. Still more narrowly, a distinction is made between the

plastic arts painting and sculpture, to which architecture is added by some, and the other expressions of the art spirit, such as music, poetry, drama, acting, recitation, dancing, interpretative reading, pantomime *et al.* To avoid confusion, the term will be used here exclusively in the sense of the fine arts as a whole, since the fundamental principles to be discussed apply alike to arts in time and to those in space, however different the technique.

Even with this clear understanding of the field of art, an exact definition is impossible. Shelley's brief definition of poetry, as "the expression of the imagination," may in a general way be held to cover the ground; and there are excellent elements in Ruskin's statement that art is the giving "by the imagination of noble grounds for the noble emotions." There is, however, a notable incompleteness even in these attempts. Browning, who in several great poems has succeeded more fully than any other

writer in interpreting the art spirit, makes no attempt at an actual definition, but states much of the art function in the famous lines:

"* * * it is the glory and good of Art,

That Art remains the one way possible

Of speaking truth, to mouths like mine at least.

How look a brother in the face and say:

"Thy right is wrong, eyes hast thou, yet art blind;

Thine ears are stuffed and stopped, despite their length;

And oh, the foolishness thou countest faith!"

* * * * *

But Art,—wherein man nowise speaks to men,

Only to mankind,—Art may tell a truth

Obliquely, do the thing shall breed the thought,

Nor wrong the thought, missing the mediate word."

However art may be defined, it is clear that the essence of it is the revelation of some aspect of reality. It is an interpretation by the imagination, manifesting the less obvious meanings of things by indirection, stimulating comprehension by the suggestion of analogies and contrasts, indicating the whole by a selection of its salient parts. It is inevitably founded on nature, but not a photographic copy of nature. It must be truthful, but need not be factual. It is indicative, but not imitative. Its greatness depends on the measure in which it attains these ends.

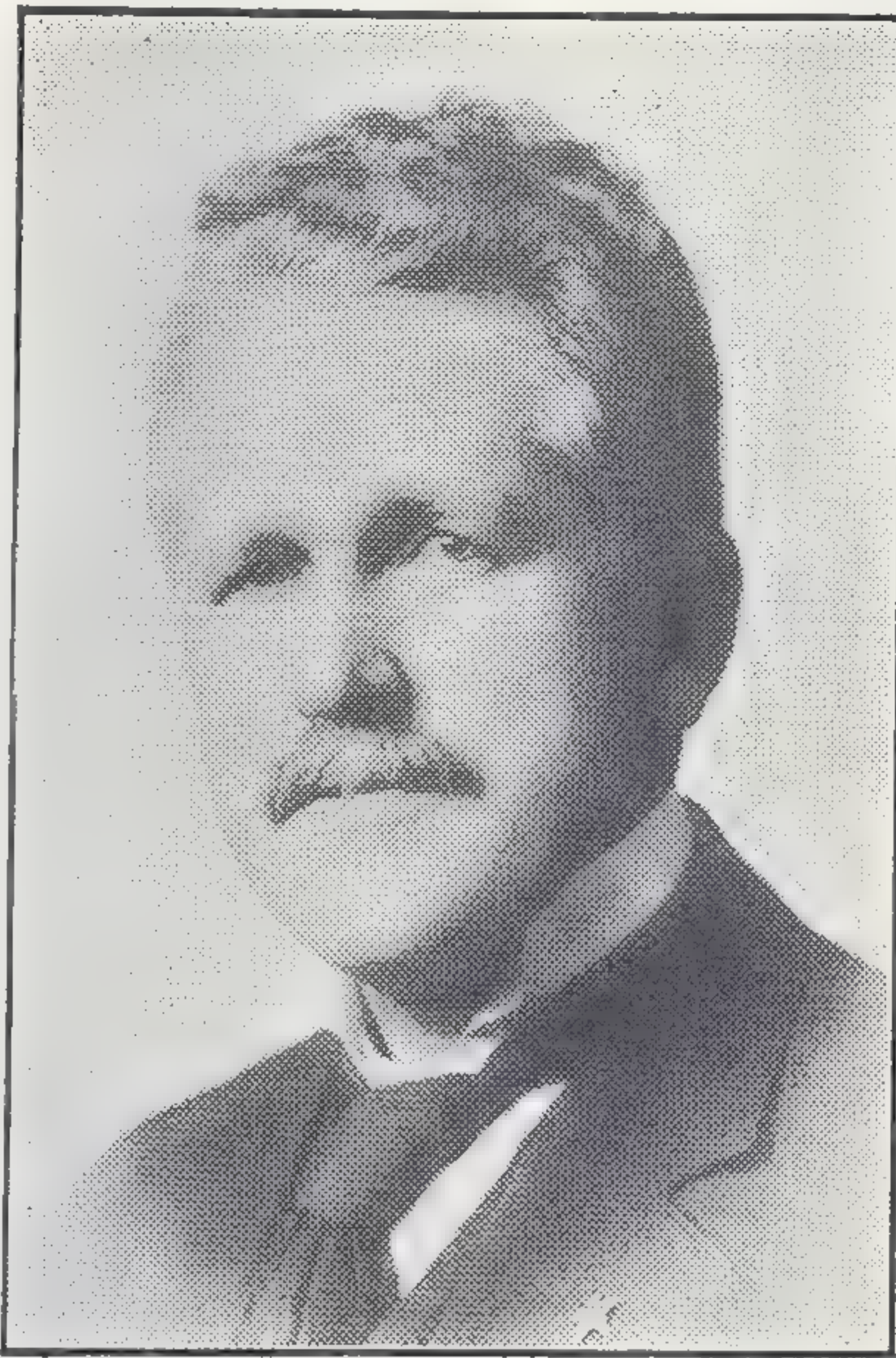
A careful analysis will show that the foregoing principles apply alike to all the arts. Those purely decorative in their nature constitute an interpretation of the general spirit of beauty, and reveal its function, which is no mean one. Some forms of art are intended to reveal abstract truth, others certain concrete phases of truth. Some indicate permanent states, others the effect of transitory influences. Some manifest contemporary conditions, others successive states of consciousness. Some are objective, others subjective. All, however, busy themselves with revelation; and all call the creative imagination into play in the management of materials.

Misconceptions of art customarily consist in too limited conceptions. A narrow view is often taken, correct so far as it goes, but, because of its incompleteness, leading to false conclusions. The main types of error consist, on the one hand, in an imperfect view of the purpose or scope of art in general, and, on the other hand, in attempts to override the inherent technical limitations of the varied forms of art expression.

As main forms of the first class of misconceptions, may be cited what for convenience in nomenclature I will call the didactic, realistic, esthetic, classical and hedonistic fallacies. Better names might be chosen for some of these; and it is possible that not all wrong or inadequate viewpoints may be brought under these five heads. Still, these may suffice to indicate the dangers of onesidedness in the contemplation of art.

By the didactic fallacy is meant the view of those who hold that the one purpose of art is to preach. There are those, not numerous indeed, but still to be found, who insist that there is no proper place for any work of art which does not teach a distinct moral lesson. In direct antagonism to this group stand a few who, like Oscar Wilde, hold that "all art is essentially immoral." Another element insists that art is neither moral nor immoral, but **unmoral**, as standing wholly aloof from all moral issues. Issue may properly be taken with all three of these positions. It is certain that art has not the mission of con-

veying a distinct categorical imperative concerning the details of ethical conduct. A contrary hypothesis would result in the elimination of all the decorative arts and of most of what remained. But little music and few of the recognized masterpieces of painting and sculpture would be suffered to remain. On the other hand, the



JAMES F. MORTON, JR.

paradox of the brilliant Wilde can still less be accepted at its face value. It is beyond all cavil that the general effect of art on human life has ever been to exalt and not to degrade. Nor can art be even classed as unmoral. Being essentially a testimony to reality and a revelation of the inner meanings of things, it is necessarily in harmony with the larger laws of life. Since harmony with these laws on the part of the individual must bring and keep him in right relations with nature and with his fellows, the reflection of them in art can only impel him toward finer ideals of living. Hence art is distinctly moral, though its lessons are conveyed indirectly through revelation of the beauties of the universe and of harmony with its laws, and not directly through conscious sermonizing. The very suggestion of symmetry in outward form is a moralizing influence, although it does not teach specific conformity to human codes. It may fairly be said that the greater the art, the greater its moral influence. The erratic lives of some artists and the occasional abuse of art for unworthy ends in no way contravene the main principle. There is nothing good which may not be distorted from its normal use to serve evil ends; and an influence which acts beneficently on normal minds may combine with the peculiar qualities of

warped natures in such a way as to produce unwholesome fruits.

The realistic fallacy is the error of those who would reduce art to a mere matter of copying. They would abolish selection of materials, and demand that whatever is within the scope of observation be represented exactly as it is. In their revolt against the rule of beauty, they commonly go to the other extreme, and specialize in the ugly. Their fault is a lack of true perspective. The incompleteness of their creed is evident from their inability to apply it to all the arts. In music, for example, a realistic imitation of objective facts can be carried to only an insignificant distance. In public reading it becomes an atrocity, and in dancing or pantomime merely grotesque. Efforts to apply it in even a small degree in architecture have produced monstrosities. In painting and sculpture, where alone a serious and protracted attempt is made to carry it out in a consistent manner, its failure is manifest to all serious students. The infinite detail of nature cannot be transferred to canvas or to marble. The most realistic possible presentation of a given scene or object at a given moment must omit many of the accessory elements. The individual trees cannot be suffered to obscure the forest. The wart on the nose is not to dominate the face. Each item in nature is a complete cosmos in itself; but in a pictorial composition the lesser must be subordinated to the greater. In order that there may be a foreground, there must be a background, in which only the most salient factors can be shown at all. The attention must be led to a definite centre, toward which all lines have the effect of converging. A confused picture becomes totally incomprehensible, and loses its artistic value, because it neither interprets nor reveals anything. Things must be shown and combined, not as they in fact exist in the given scene, nor even (a very different thing) precisely as they appear to the physical eye, but as they are seen by the eye of the imagination as elements in the production of a total effect. A great landscape, for example, is one which produces on the observer an impression analogous to that felt by the artist either actually or imaginatively, in viewing the original scene under particular atmospheric and other conditions and in a particular frame of mind. **Mutatis mutandis**, what is true of landscapes is true of other artistic representations. There is a truth in the realistic creed; but it is very far from being the whole truth.

The esthetic fallacy is of almost a directly opposite nature. It finds the sole reason for art to consist in its representation of objective beauty. Its dogma is that no work of art should need a title or require any explanation of the subject. All art is held to be

essentially decorative. Here is again a half truth, masquerading as a whole one. Truly, "beauty is truth, truth beauty"; but beauty is of more than one type and of more than one class. The great masters of painting who have sought to exemplify this theory have themselves demonstrated its inadequacy. In vain did Whistler label his wonderful portrait of his mother "an arrangement in black and white." The revelation of a human being mocked the dogma of the artistic theorist; and this mighty tribute to a loved personality will survive all of this painter's highly prized "nocturnes" and "arrangements." Great art is beautiful, to those who bring to it a spirit in harmony with its own, because it is harmony with the laws of life. It is the inner truth of the universe, and is one with truth, which is ever beautiful to those who most fully conceive it. If it is not objectively beautiful, it is subjectively so. The esthetic school is right in saying that beauty will always be found in true art but wrong in assuming that beauty is an objective thing to be sought for itself alone.

The classical fallacy is the tendency to confine art to arbitrary rules and precedents, and to worship technique for its own sake. It is usually more a habit of mind than a deliberate theory; and it is responsible for the enslavement of many artists to the methods of particular "schools" or to personal mannerisms, whether consciously or unconsciously adopted. It is a cause of the deadly dullness of many annual exhibitions of paintings, where a jury of academically minded artists makes the selections, and carefully bars nonconformist works. Let this not be taken as a plea for the products of the various futuristic, post-impressionistic, cubist and other recent movements. Not all of these are honest attempts to produce true art. Many of them are simply bad art, which tries to be conventional, and seeks to capitalize its humiliating failure. Others are mere schemes to attract attention by meretricious sensationalism, with no sober conviction at the bottom. Still others are more or less morbid erraticism, with no real significance. Many more are the product of half-baked theories; and others are somewhat wild experiments. The residuum consists in works which are part of an attempt to break away from arbitrary precedents, and find new and sound modes of expression. Crude as some of them are, it is yet too early to judge them as a whole. Certain it is that the vast majority of the new schools will perish, and some of them in no good odor. But from

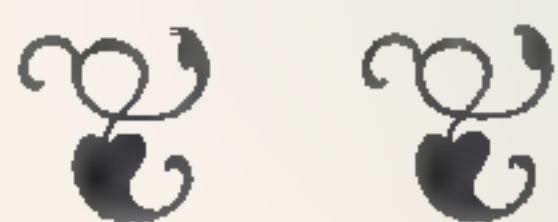
the few that survive the art of the future is certain to learn much. It may be added that some of them form an inverted classicism, with all the narrowness of the old academic spirit, and the same insistence on a particular technique.

The hedonistic fallacy belongs especially to the "lowbrow," who is proud of his ignorance and unwillingness to learn or to develop. He frankly seeks art only for purposes of idle amusement, and does not care who knows it. The idea that enlarged vision broadens and deepens the whole nature and infinitely enriches life and character is incomprehensible to him. He "knows nothing about art, but knows what he likes"; and the thought of improving his taste and learning the finer joys of a nobler type of "liking" is alien to him. He has no patience to study any picture which does not instantly catch his eye by a flamboyant display of colors or by thrusting a "story" on his attention in a manner redolent of the headlines in a Hearst or other disreputable paper. He throws away any opportunity to develop appreciation of the wonderful melodies of classical music, but does on the jangling horrors of jazz and the cheap trashiness of ragtime and the "popular" songs from the wretched musical comedies of the day. A genuinely fine drama is anathema to him; for he is afraid of anything that makes him think. Knowing next to nothing of the better types of literature and art, he can refer to them only with a sneer. While sensitive to the point of touchiness to even the mildest criticism of his utter lack of taste or of interest in the really worthwhile things in artistic expression, he assumes that the "highbrow," who is simply the man or woman who likes good art and seeks to learn more of it, is always fair game, and to be made the subject of unlimited and never ending ridicule. His armor of self-complacency is too thick to be pierced by any argument; and since the great lessons of art can never be learned without personal study, he will never know any better, nor realize that he is wilfully cutting himself off from the most perfect joys of life, which would yield as great pleasure to him as to the thousands of others, made of the same clay as himself, who do enjoy them, if he would only resolve to make the effort to find out what art has to offer. There is always hope for the victims of the other fallacies, who may by further study come to broader views; but only a miracle or miracles can bring artistic salvation to the mere sensation-monger.

Of the other class of fallacies, dealing with technique, it is not necessary to say much. Many of them have arisen in the past, and, after running their course, were universally abandoned. Most of these are now forgotten. At the present time, they are represented by divers new schools, which vainly seek to break down the dividing lines among the different art forms. When a novel becomes a simple sermon, when music undertakes to relate a detailed and complete narrative, when painting seeks not merely to suggest, but actually to represent motion, when dancing is employed to expound an entire sociological theory, the result is not interpretation, but simple chaos. When the whirling colors that dance before the eye of the victim of seasickness are remembered, and later transferred to canvas and labelled "A Storm at Sea," we have a derangement of art, which belongs only in a madhouse. When New York skyscrapers are pictured as drunk and reeling, because the painter had seen them when he was in a drunken fit, or had imagined the shape which they would assume to the victim of intoxication, no artistic end is served. When the refuse of a lumber-yard is gathered up, and thrown on canvas as "A Nude Descending a Staircase," art has become the handmaid of sheer absurdity. When a sculptor undertakes to represent Dian de Pougy with eyes which are distorted and bulging objects as large as hen's eggs, we are in the realm of the wildly grotesque. These and many like them are the excrescences of the new movements in art. In poetry, the crimes committed under name of "vers libre" are innumerable, although many true poems have been, and more will be, written in the new forms, which will in time find their due place in perfect harmony with the older ones.

The future of art is as certain as the future of life. Schools will come and go; theories will be born and die; out of a thousand experiments, a handful will succeed and modify the technique of the future. Always, however, art will continue its mission of interpretation. As the race grows, it will keep even pace, however it may change its modes of expression. It can never be outgrown, and can never die out, while man himself remains alive, and retains something in his nature which lifts him in sympathy above the muckheap. Forever it will remain his loved and honored companion, leading him gently but surely out of the realm of the sordid and selfish into the region of the larger and nobler vision.

JAMES F. MORTON, JR.



A Letter to G— K—

Here, in the night, are winds that
cry and keep
Their frozen clangor on the wall of
sleep;
Autumn, in pyramidal splendour pales,
But in her heart the joy it is that fails
And fades. Not all her sun, rain,
wrath, her cries,
The red lustration of a soul that dies
Uncherished and regretful, still'd in
bronze,
Under the year's immortal gonfal-
ons—
Dare keep her with us. To her clar-
ion call,
Is whispered moaning the confes-
sional
That precedes Winter, when by way
and flood,
Steals as a doom, the whiter broth-
erhood,
Unshriving and unshriven with a
speech,
Deeper than heartache in the depth
of each,
Alone, yet muted.

O my dearest friend!
Never the day that does not reach an
end.
Never yet in the wild symphonic din,
But there came subtler the cry with-
in:
Give up . . . give over!

I am he who said:
Until this disquiet heart be quieted;
Until upon these eyes, this lyric brain,
Not even a winged vestige shall re-
main,
Save the one prophecying voice that
spells,
Rebellion for this nethermost of hells;
Protest against the blind, the dumb,
the driven,
Beggar'd on earth yet still denied
their heaven;
Not until thither as a torch at tryst,
There perish in my soul the mutinist,
Shall I be silenced!

I have heard it told,
Of a vast tower of perfume and of
gold;
About a wayfarer as in a dream,
Who saw the molten spire and win-
dows gleam,
Heard cry a voice in the enchanted
night,
From lips like music, laughter and de-
light;
Something that pealed: Enter! for
here at feast,
Thou, that of mankind art accounted
least,
Shalt as a god sit, strange, imperial,
lone,
Tremulous and sublunar on thy
throne . . .
And entered in huge silence, but at
dawn,
One who beside him stood, cried:
Now, begone!
A shadow art thou henceforth, even
as these
That wrought so cruelly thy desti-
nies—



SAMUEL LOVEMAN

Call thyself Pity, ever after!
I
Must be that wayfarer until I die;
Shall seek, and always seeking, never
find
Wisdom in hearts, beauty in eyes
stone-blind,
Then pass to one who passed before
me. . . . He,
Who so loved life, who so loved lib-
erty,
That all the darkness in eternal space,
Shone golden on us with his godlike
face,
In still, saturnian largess.
We remain,
Never to know his druid self again;
Nor on the water's perilous rise and
fall,
To hear soft-brimm'd, that voice of
voices call

Lines from the sonnets he so-loved to
speak,
Shakspeare, Stagnelius, or some purple
Greek,
Who sang to lyres by the Ionian sea,
Forgotten, save by him alone. But we,
When Spring begins out Dover-way,
shall find
The butterflies again upon the wind,
And see in all the blue sky, pink and
white,
The apple-blossoms in their down-
ward flight,
Hearken the birds upon the boughs
that bend,
To sing the song that only Spring
shall end,
And hear his soul, the cry in flowers
and leaves,
Love me—but love me not, who pines
and grieves!

Through the Eyes of the Poet

What I am about to say seems much like a confession of the obvious, but like the Ancient Mariner I cannot rest until the tale is told. For some years I have been trying to teach the appreciation of poetry, and I have rested fairly content under the apprehension that I was turning out my pupils with at least a bit more of an idea as to why some famous poems are great and beautiful. It is only in the last year or so that I have come slowly to a realization that any reading of a poem without a clear vision of the poet's primary pictures can hardly be dignified by the name of reading. To read is to look at words on a page and transmute them, through the alchemy of the brain, into images, the coinage of thought. Training in reading, therefore, must devote itself to perfecting this process of image formation.

Like any other act requiring the least skill, this image-forming process is something which the natural man performs poorly or hardly at all. The fact that he usually reads to "see what happens" or to "see how it turns out" demonstrates this clearly enough. It is sufficient for him if the author introduces a number of vague figures, barely distinguished by particular names, ages, sexes, and maybe an outstanding scrap or two of costume, and proceeds to put them through an interesting set of paces. What they do he is interested enough to visualize quite clearly; what they are, however, he hardly sees, and usually he doesn't care enough to make the effort.

It is evident that the instructor must do some breaking of ground to fertilize and cultivate such fallow imaginations. He must develop the pupil's ability to imagine people and things as well as motions, and, at the author's suggestion, to endow those persons and things with form, shape, color, and individual characteristics. How can this be done? As in learning to swim, principally by doing it.

In my classes the question "What do you see?" has been repeated so often that I am quite expecting to behold it some time in the high school monthly under "Favorite Remarks of Our Faculty." But that repetition is beginning to bear fruit. Where at first it was greeted with blankness or an attempt to explain or interpret the figure in place of describing, it is now almost sure to bring forth a clear-visioned "I see" with plenty of trimmings not in the original picture—a very good sign.

Thorough appreciation of poetry has little to do with anything except the sensations, chiefly those of sight and sound. A knowledge of the foot, the line, and the stanza-form should of course be well in hand, but one may be an expert technician and still fail miserably to sense the beauty of a

poem. If he can be given the poet's glasses, however, and made to feel, ever so remotely, the rapture which inspired the poem, his appreciation has begun.

Let me illustrate with a few lines from some of the great English poems commonly studied in high school. I will begin with a very simple but vivid picture from the "Deserted Village":

To husband out life's taper at the close.

see how many "will catch the picture at the first reading. You will be amazed at the percentage of times it either fails to register altogether or else leaves only a cloudy image.

But if that was too easy to bother with, try another couplet from the same poem:

Princes or lords may flourish or may fade;

A breath can make them as a breath has made.



MAURICE W. MOE

To interpret these words in literal terms is one thing, a very important part of the reading process; but fully as important is the clear vision of a guttering little candle-end with a hand protectingly curved around it to shield the feeble flame from the eddying currents of this drafty existence. Do you think the picture in that line is already too distinct to need such additional outlining? Just try it on a group of ordinary young people and

Never have I tried that on a class and received a clear image from the first reading. Disregarding the probably unconscious imagery of the first line, endeavor to reconstruct the scene Goldsmith must have had in his mind as he penned the second line—for be assured that no image flows from the pen of a poet until it has been limned upon his mental canvas with a wealth of color and detail he cannot hope to crowd into the narrow limits of his

figure. There can be no doubt that we have here a scene at court during the conferring of knighthood, the accolade of the royal blade on the bowed shoulder, accompanied by the "I dub thee knight" of the king. In this case the real value of this image exercise becomes apparent, for if the line was obscure upon first reading, its interpretation is a very simple matter once the primary picture is made distinct.

Sometimes the picture is so vast and startling that one's cramped imagination refuses to register it in its original form. A good example of this is found in the "Ancient Mariner":

Still as a slave before his lord,
The ocean hath no blast;
His great bright eye most silently
Up to the moon is cast.

Here again there can be no doubt that Coleridge visioned a gigantic master with a slave lying prostrate before him—but flat on his back instead of on his face, for his eye is directed upward. The size of that stupendous blue eye, the whole visible surface of the ocean from horizon to horizon, implies such a still more stupendous size in the whole figure of the slave and his master that imagination falters and must be coaxed to do its work.

Again, in Byron's famous apostrophe to the ocean:

Thou glorious mirror, where the Almighty's form
Glasses itself in tempests. . . .

the poet's sublimated imagination conjures up an image so vast and so majestic that our poor mundane minds can only grope at the outlines of it. It is a figure, however, to make one realize, once it is outlined, how rarely modern art—whether verbal or pictorial—has presumed to visualize Deity. A study of poetry from this particular angle brings many interesting facts to light. It reveals, for instance, that Shelley's poems are the most nearly continuous cinema of images in the whole realm of English poetry. Any adequate proof of this assertion would string this article out to unreasonable lengths. One has only to read such wonderful poems as his "Ode to the West Wind," "To a Skylark," "The Cloud," or "Adonais," with imagination's lens sharply in focus to realize in what rare profusion

the images tumble out of the poet's mind. The leaves become

Yellow and black and pale and hectic
red
Pestilence-stricken multitudes.

Thunder-clouds are to him

The locks of the approaching storm. . .
Like the bright hair uplifted from the
head
Of some fierce Maenad.

Surely no poet has ever built a more beautiful picture of

Life, like a dome of many-colored
glass,
Staining the white radiance of etern-
ity,
Until Death tramples it to fragments.

In a few cases the close succession of metaphors applied to the same object carries Shelley very nearly over the border-line of poetic taste in a mixed metaphor. It is one virtue of our moving-picture process of study that it infallibly plays the spotlight upon such lapses. Take, for instance, the lines

Make me thy lyre, even as the forest
is:
What if my leaves are falling as thine
own.

The first line contains a picture of a gigantic lyre. Such an instrument the poet wishes to be; and yet in the very next clause he assumes himself to be a tree with falling leaves ("growing bald," quoth one of my youthful appreciators). This comes about as near as possible to being a mixed metaphor without actually being one.

Often class discussion will wage furiously as to just why the poet chose the picture he did. Shelley, for example, says to the skylark,

Like a cloud of fire
The blue deep thou wingest.

On the face of it this simile pictures the little bird as a mass of flame moving along in the sky. Why should a little speck away up so high as to be almost if not quite invisible suggest to the poet a mass of flame? Is it not an inept comparison? At first a class gropes blindly for the solution of this riddle, and then almost infallibly it will dawn on one or two that the little lark, as it wings its way through the deep, pours forth a flood of melody which to the rarified vi-

sion of the poet envelops it in a perfect nimbus of fire. The blending of the visual and the auditory image into one is a daring device, but Shelley shows himself partial to this very thing several times in this poem, as in the moonbeam and the glow-worm similes. Nothing finer can be found to sharpen the appreciative powers of the amateur reader than the exercise in leaping the gap between one sense and another, as one must in such similes.

I have spoken of this method as if it were solely for the benefit of the beginner; but there can be little doubt that the mental gymnastics it affords will have their value even to the veteran reader. Let me repeat that the best of us are all too apt to glide over the mere surface of figurative language "to see what happens," often throwing away the opportunity of reveling in some beautiful little vignette the painstaking word-artist has etched for us. What, for instance, are you going to do with these lines from William Vaughan Moody's "Gloucester Moore"?

And the racing winds that wheel and
flee
On the flying heels of June.

Are you going to think merely of wind blowing across flowery meadows, or are you going to be so alive to the poet's words that those heels of June cannot fly unless they have a body to propel them? And in personifying June are you going to make her a beautiful, light-footed maiden, or what? And when you have gone so far with your picture, are you going to be satisfied with those wheeling, fleeing winds merely as invisible currents of air, or will they take tangible form and become the only things that naturally wheel and flee about human beings in an excess of animal enjoyment, namely dogs? If you don't like my picture, construct one of your own, but in any case don't leave the words unimaged.

After some systematic exercise of the kind I have just described you will be almost sure to find that you are developing a more or less dormant photographic faculty in your mind, and the reading of poetry, and even of prose, where the latter abounds in figure, will become a delightful excursion through the endless picture-galleries of the world's great minds.

MAURICE WINTER MOE.



Frank Harris

By Alfred Galpin, Jr.

That the American nation hates and derides its men of genius, has become a platitude which Mr. Mencken, so loud in pointing it out, himself contributes to prove. While he, a first-rate yellow journalist, has risen to fame by the typically indigenous method of Noise, he has chosen to overlook, as a perfectly feasible companion in his elevation, a man of superior penetration, greater artistic accomplishments, and a warm and untainted genius. That man is Frank Harris; a voluble and frequent writer, easy to read, with none of the suspect subtleties of style or allusion, as American as Mencken and more diverse in theme; yet who, while in his native country, has been oppressed and obscure, and who today is almost unknown. Mr. Mencken has aided Dreiser, Cabell, Howe, and others inferior to Harris; from private correspondence I know that he thinks highly of his work, but like the rest of the journalistic public he refrains from mentioning it.

I cannot attempt to account for this neglect. The only hints I can find are the well-known artistic tastes of the American public, and the capitalistic prejudices of the press. For Harris is a Liberal, one of the most offensive of that objectionable tribe who insist on speaking their own minds and striving for the welfare of the workers, when, as the newspapers have so often proved, they don't deserve it. He is offensive because his management of *Pearson's Magazine* was historical in its clarion and unwavering honesty. Harris spoke his mind when the whole nation was insane against free speech; he was reviled and his paper oppressed, but he kept up the fight with glorious pugnacity and today his magazine is one of the few honest ones that have survived the war hysteria.

Harris is of Irish and American descent, born on the Kansas prairies. In his long career since, he edited the *Saturday Review* in London, and associated himself intimately for more than a decade, about the close of the last century, with the leaders in art, politics, and literature in England and America. He gained admirers and some notoriety by his courageous and wounding attack upon the British conduct of the Boer war, but his enduring fame rests on his literature. Among his books are "The Man Shakespeare and his Tragic Life Story;" "Oscar Wilde, His Life and Confessions;" a superb realistic novel; "The Bomb," two or three volumes of "Contemporary Portraits" of eminent men he has known; and many short stories.

His sympathies, never tasting of anti-America, have nevertheless kept always their Hibernian flavor. He

probably hates the English middle classes, and all they represent, more than any man alive. In art, too, he is opposed to current democratic scriptures—inculcated by such authorities as Dr. Sherman and the *Missionary Bulletin*. He is intensely advocate of independent and un-popular, though not necessarily aristocratic, writing. In these opinions he is violent and incurable, yet he has room above them for a broad and passionate humanity.

I have said that his opinions were violent. This is typical of his apparently obvious, yet curiously esoteric temperament. There is no fiercer fighter, in his field, alive. When he took the editorship of *Pearson's Magazine* four years or more ago, it was all but defunct. By the insight and force of his political comment, even more than by his stories and literary criticism, he put it on its feet. His suggestions showed remarkable perspicuity, and his prophecies were most unpleasantly right; but he was in a losing cause, and in the October, 1921, issue of his magazine he expresses his despair:

"I am finished; to fight for the American ideals of Washington and Jefferson in these states is like spitting against a gale. * * * Six millions of workmen out of work and nothing is done for them; President Harding gives the railroad bosses another half billion of public money for their notorious worthlessness and denies our soldiers the pitiful bonus promised them; Harding talks disarmament and puts through an increase of armament that will cost * * * more than the whole German indemnity; amnesty still refused to conscientious objectors * * * though every European nation has granted free deliverance months ago * * *. My protests against all this insanity are unheeded and worse; they are alienating opinion; 'your grouching is not wanted,' I am told * * *." He ends by announcing his return to pure literature: inevitable, and surely for the best, but cutting short a brave struggle.

It is in literature that, with the lapse of time, he will be remembered. Judicious critics have ranked his life of Wilde with the greatest biographies ever written, and some have put it supreme among those in English. In this regard, an anecdote illustrates his naive and candid egotism: A distinguished English critic said that his "Wilde" was one of the best six biographies in the language; whereupon Harris at once telegraphed him, indignantly, to "name the other five;" In truth, it is an appalling piece of work, to which one must carry all his alertness. The most apparent comment is upon his method: He delights in

making the picture so black that only the most hardened, or the most compassionate, can bear his revelations; then, by force of deep, thrilling pity, unquestionably sentimental in effect, but the clear stamp of greatness, the shadows are redeemed and the whole glows with that indefinable charm that we find in the contact of two large souls, opposite but akin. Reading this book, a sensitive poet of my acquaintance said that in the hugeness of its compassion it stands almost beside the New Testament. Moreover, it is written with a keen eye for the reader's attention, never dull. It is defiantly unconventional—frank on a subject which the author's dear English-middle-classes consider very dubious. He ignores research, and relies entirely on facts within his immediate personal knowledge: which is necessarily vast, since during the period of Wilde's fame and infamy he was in the inner circle of the favorite's faithful friends.

His book on Shakespeare is even greater, in its revelations on a topic seeming so old, so well-worn, and even so uninteresting. Harris ridicules all past commentators, personifying them together as Dryasdust, and then sets up his thesis—starting on the obvious but new assumption that Shakespeare was not a detestable, myriad-minded symbol of objective perfection, but that like other artists his fundamental aim was passionate self-expression. Then we are treated to an iconoclastic analysis of the plays and a synthesis of the character and life of their author. As a contribution to criticism it is epochal; and there is something more, it may very well be genius, which paints us the innermost soul, and conjectures at the tragic history, of him who was "probably the finest and most passionate spirit that has yet visited mankind."

Of his short stories I know less; but Wells and Shaw (the latter a lifelong friend and associate) in England are among those who rank him with the greatest of all masters of this form. The curious reader may seek in the files of our university library for some of his printed volumes, or keep track of *Pearson's Magazine*: which, commencing with the October issue, plans to print some of his best. In that issue there is a tale which surely is the best written by an American in years: "A Mad Love: The Strange Story of a Musician." Here Harris shows again his flair for depicting men of genius; he tells of the breaking of an exquisitely passionate and original genius upon the wheel of life, through his own too great refinement as much as through the definite instrumentation of love. Harris is immensely proud of his stories.

I have mentioned him as a foil to Mencken, to the latter's disadvantage: I am sure that this judgment will be sustained by a study of Harris' criticisms, a relatively unimportant part of his work, written carelessly and journalistically. In Mencken we have an erudite first-nighter shouting for artistic honesty, and turning out to be the initial patron of the new American Realism. Harris is not so strictly contemporary. He says he is "not well read, for I only like the best;" but he studied at Heidelberg and knows both English and foreign literatures well. He is intolerant of Sherwood Anderson and "Main Street" because they are ridiculously inartistic, ugly, and worst of all, dull. It is no matter to him that they paint our ridiculously inartistic, ugly, and dull life in America with some fidelity; they are poor books, out upon them! He cannot be fooled, as a lover of Shakespeare, with the New Poetry. But he is best at "spotting" a dull book; he demands that his emotions be moved, and so he is often surprising in his praise of popular works like "Slippy McGee" while he pooh-poohs Knut Hamsun and says there are only five pages worth reading in "The Growth of the Soil." On the whole, he is an original and outspoken reviewer, with traditions behind him.

As to his aspect I quote a letter from a Cleveland friend who heard him at one of his Shakespeare lectures

there: "A small man, ruddy-faced, hair black with a dash of gray, and hardly showing his sixty-five odd years. * * * He started with a glass of whiskey, poured by himself. The thing ended in a near-riot. Some doctor took objection to Harris' denunciation of the English and affirmed that he (Harris) was anti-American. The climax was marvelous. Harris pointed to a huge American flag above him and cried—'I believe in the Constitution of the United States, but damn **your** version of it.' Then, one of the members arose and suggested that they tender Mr. Harris a vote of thanks for saying the things so many of them felt but were too cowardly to utter aloud. They brought the house down with cheering."

To summarize: I hope that enough of the fundamental structure of Harris' mind has inhered in my exposition to give you the groundwork of an understanding of it. As in all great American writers, there is more than a little journalism in him; but Harris' is probably resolvable into his native bluntness plus life-long associations as a magazine writer and editor. That bluntness strips him bare, in all but his most finely-wrought stories, of all style for style's sake, even of all refinement in writing, for which he is rather more insistent in his criticisms. It gives us, too, so un-

obstructed a view into his temperament that we suspect his candour and fear it is a part of some higher dissimulation. For there is a great spirit behind it; and Harris himself is fond of saying, a propos of his Shakespearian triumphs, that one "cannot see above his own head." His fervent devotion for the most removed type of artistic temperament, for Shakespeares and Goethes, certainly does not entitle him to be called democratic; yet today he is one of the two or three most vigorous fighters in the country for the rights of the down-trodden. His humanity is broad, emotional. No aristocrat by birth, he has less of that contempt for the abstract noun "Man" than more artificial types possess. He detests popular judgments, and flames against middle-class predominance in anything; but he sees the finer feelings, the emotional ardor, which are instilled into the "under dog" by the very nature of his circumstances, and defends him always. He is assertive, fiery, healthy, utterly independent: Shaw, comparing him with the effeminate Wilde, said he looked like the shade of some old buccaneer. But perhaps he is best understood when placed beside his beloved Shakespeare. Like the man he so well and so newly understood, his is a flaming soul, knight-errant for Beauty, in conflict with the overwhelming stupidity and sordidness of the world.

Amateurdom of the Editor

JUST JOURNALS

Not until I had the rare good fortune of entering Amateur Journalism did I realize that, added to the joys I already possess, life held still another in store for me.

Tonight as I sit at my little desk trying to compose an eloquent address to you, I find that the head gives way to the heart; so that instead of making ambitious flights into the aether of rhetoric, I may only express my profound gratitude to all you spirited and delightful Fellow-amateurs for the joys of this splendid game. In a reminiscent mood, I am looking over some old amateur papers, and scarcely can I find adequate words of praise for each; they are so full of the joy of living and so vibrant with every emotion—love, laughter, joy, sorrow, and good-natured humor—therefore so alluring and delightful.

One of the first which comes to hand is a number of **The Trail**, with a splendid introduction by the editor, Mr. Alfred L. Hutchinson. In this number I find a witty and humorous criticism of The Creator's work; "A Better Body," by Mr. Maurice W. Moe. In his clever skit Mr. Moe's ingenious pen readily provokes that spontaneous mirth which is followed

by peals of unrestrained laughter. Other interesting features abound in this number—a variety too vast to enumerate.

Being a lover of humor, I am glad to pick up two **Sun beams** and enjoy their sparkling rays. Come to think of it, Sun beams are usually elusive; but these two are chained, and what delightful links the chain is made of! "Literary Derelicts" and "Tolerated Nonsense" may well be relished by the best of amateurs. The rest of the 'links' are equally interesting. Even the editor's name, Elgie Joseph Andrione, is sunny!

Next in my file I proudly count eighteen numbers of the delightful magazinlet, **The Scot**, whose pages are sweet with the fragrance of Scotch heather and sonorous with the characteristic note of the Bag-pipe, played by a true highlander, garbed in his native kilt. And here all amateurdom may take a lesson from the editor, Mr. Gavin T. McColl, who is unfortunately an invalid, yet, who, I believe, has outdistanced all the rest of amateurdom save our beloved **Tryout** alone with the frequency and regularity of his issues.

At random I have taken up two

copies of **The United Amateur**; one of October, 1915, the cover page of which presents the attractive and interesting features of Mr. Edward F. Daas, the Official Editor, for that year. And from the first page of another number, that for September, 1915, is reflected the youthful and scholarly half-tone of Mr. H. P. Lovecraft, then First Vice-President of the United Amateur Press Association. In both numbers this organization may well have indulged a justifiable pride in the rich and active intellects of these youthful incumbents, whose works already formed excellent literary models. Though immature in years and experience, Mr. Lovecraft even at that remote age indicated the mellowness which has so considerably developed with recent maturity.

The next at hand is an interesting file of **The Silver Clarion**, whose sweet note sounds the characteristic depth of its peace-loving, God-fearing editor. For proof of this I need go no farther than the first page of the number before me, upon which is presented the sweetly smiling countenance of the editor's charming baby-daughter, Miss Loyce Ruth Samples. Accept my best wishes and hearty

congratulations, Baby Ruth, for displaying so good a taste in the selection of your parents! If your Daddy and Mammy were not literally born to the manner of amateur journalism, at least you surely are. Some day your lovely name will be blazoned in glowing colors across the amateur sky, and who can tell but that it may reach out still a greater distance—perhaps into the professional world of art and letters?

Some of our more mature friends will have to wait while I make my little bow and speech to you; but being a lover of kittens, puppies, babies and all animate mammals diminutive, I cannot pass them by without a word of greeting; they seem to be the only people who truly comprehend my unique language. Bye-bye, Baby Ruth, I'll be glad to meet you again!

Now I have before me, I believe, the real inspiration—or shall I say excuse—or reason—for imposing this lengthy dissertation upon you. It is the "Informal Number of Mr. Maurice Winter Moe's always delectable **Apprentice**. Mr. Moe, I am delighted to meet you! Your fame has preceded you, reaching me even before I knew of the existence of your enticing publication. I insist that it is enticing—just look at these nonsensical pages of mischief for which I hold your publication to blame! But I am indeed happy to know your **Apprentice**. May I hope for a continuance of the pleasure when he becomes a "master"? Thank you!

Now my hand idly falls upon a few numbers of **The Tryout**. Really, Mr. Smith, you ought to change the name—I think it is no longer a "tryout"! If you ask me (as your friend Lovecraft would say) I'll inform the cosmos that it's a "Headliner"!

The next brochure fills me with sincere regret and profound reverence. "In Memoriam—Jennie E. T. Dowe," edited by Mr. Michael White, is a lovelier and more lasting monument to her noble memory than any imposing marble shaft might be. I regret that mine was not the good fortune to have known the kindly and charming mother of the none less kindly and charming Mrs. Edith Munter.

Of the next few amateur publications I can justly say that many have been my inspiration, recreation, animation and dissipation; and sometimes—my desperation! Above all, they have been my incentive to strive after a goal which I may perhaps never reach, but whose pursuit is alluring and inspiring. It is like trying to climb a steep and rugged mountain; worth the effort and exhaustion, even if the summit be never attained.

Several more numbers of **The United Amateur** of the season 1920-1921 thrill me with delight. Upon the cover-page of the uppermost issue I

behold "John Clare in a Madhouse," by Mr. Samuel Loveman; another contains "A Scene for Macbeth," by the same gifted young poet.

Two issues of **The Sprite** are now before me; more fitting names could not be desired. In these I find a great many delightful and iridescent dreams from Mr. Loveman's facile fancy, not the least exquisite, dainty and artistic of which are the beautiful Chinese poems. Read them aloud, dear Fellow-Amateurs. Note the charming and adorable little lilt in the following:

Li Ho Chan in the sunset's gleam
Murmurs: "Life is an opium dream.
"Drugged or drunk were the gods that
blew,
This world on their lacquered pipe
of dew.

"That wrought in the poppy's colored
deep,
Laughter and Love and an endless
sleep!"

Li Ho Chan descries from afar
The yellow moon and the evening
star.

Not only is this poetry of a rich and rare sort, but one reads a world of philosophy in its eight short lines. Isn't it delightful? Don't you love it? I do! I go about my work singing this little song to a tune all my own, made up "out of my own head."

And now for some of the more serious poems; "Ode on the Passing of Youth," "Isolation," and "Ode to Apollo" from **The Saturnian**. I'll admit they started to go "over my head," but I just wouldn't let them. I find that in order to understand and enjoy Mr. Loveman's poems one must be on speaking terms with some of the dead languages, so I hied me away to Columbia and "bought" a course of studies in Latin and Greek literature. Having made the delightful acquaintance of Mr. Homeros, Mr. P. Vergilius Maro, and the rest of the classic "amateur journalists" (!!) I am now quite ready to continue enjoying Mr. Loveman's "po-tree." I thought I'd miss something I'd regret missing unless I understood the "dead classics", which I find very much alive!

Now I come to two of the most erudite and "high-brow" publications in amateurdom: **The Conservative** and **The Philosopher**. How the former can be so radical in philosophy and still live with such a name is more than I can tell! The pertinent reticence of **The Conservative** has certainly struck a heavy blow in the solar plexus of my radicalism. I am flabbergasted! After recovering from its polite but forceful impact I am now as meek as a lamb, and as in Mary's school jingle

I may make A. J. laugh and play—
'Tis not against the rule—
But follow **The Conservative**
Quite faithfully to school!

Before me there are more and still more amateur papers, each crying for its rightful little place in my tiny universe. Among these are several issues of **The Quill**, a first-class amateur publication forming the official organ of the Quill Club of London, England, of which Mr. Max Pemberton, the noted author, is President. But it is to the kindness of the Chairman, Mr. Juan W. P. Chamberlain, that I owe the pleasure of my recent acquaintance with the magazine.

Looking at me with eyes ablaze is **The Bear-Cat**, edited by Mr. Dowdell. Billy, it's a bear! As soon as they hatch, send me a coupl'a cubs!

I want also to thank the editors of the following for having included me on their lists: **The Austral Bay**, by Mr. Leon Stone; **In Lighter Vein**, by Mr. Andrew Lockhart; **Buds of Promise**, by Peggy Reid; **The Wolverine**, by Mr. Lawson; **The Brooklynite**, **The Piper**, by Mr. Rheinhart Kleiner, and more and still more amateur papers with poems by Miss L. Middleton, Miss Winifred Jackson, Mr. Goodenough, Mr. Eugene Kuntz, Mrs. Anne T. Renshaw, Mrs. Whitehead, Mr. Campbell, Mr. H. Youmans and Mr. James Crowley. I am bewildered, enraptured and intoxicated by the joys derived from the surrounding amateur publications, which are as rare flowers whose fragrance I inhale with all the force of my mental and spiritual lungs.

Night after night, almost until the wee hours of morning, I burn my "magic mazda" and keep chirographic vigil in the untiring and elusive pursuit of Amateur Journalism. I say elusive because it is always just fleet and exacting enough to make one lag behind, never quite able to catch up with it. Reams and reams of good paper, badly exploited, are nightly consigned to the waste-basket. [I work by day, too; really, I'm a wonder! huh?]

No matter what I've said to you in those sadly mutilated pages reposing so peacefully in my prettily beribboned waste-basket, it was said with sincerest intent. But not being satisfied with my former messages, I sat down this "wild and woolly" night and abandoned myself entirely to you, dear fellow amateurs. It is so much nicer and easier to write a chatty string of talk a mile long than to perplex my doubtful cranium with some deep and vital question of the day. Let's leave that to newspaper editors, politicians and other public nuisances. Notwithstanding my apparent frivolity, please believe that I am sincere and that incidentally I enjoyed my chosen task very much!

A. J., I exclaim, is a wonderful game; but perhaps in my zeal I'm digressing. So, lest rhetoric soar till it seems but a bore, I'll adjourn for the time with a blessing.

Dear A. Js., Au Revoir!

THE EDITOR.

